

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,079

AUGUST 2, 1890

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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No. 1,079.—VOL. XLII. ÉDITION DE LUXE
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WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS [By Post 9½d.]



AT GOODWOOD—WAITING TO SEE THE COACHES ARRIVE
DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.



SOUTH AMERICAN POLITICS.—Once again, the attention of the world is directed to South America by the very torrid character of politics in that affluent region. It comes as a surprise to the present generation of English folk to see civilised and prosperous communities of European descent trying to effect changes of Government by bayonet, bullet, and bombardment. But their seniors will tell them that there is nothing new in all this; the new thing was when Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay dropped their weapons and really adhered for several years, in some sort of fashion, to constitutional methods. So long did this happy change last that the Old World put aside its prejudices, and poured millions of money and of men into the regenerated Continent. From such liberality, indeed, the present troubles at Buenos Ayres and elsewhere directly proceeded. Prosperity, sudden, and apparently measureless, created many openings for becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice; the ruling classes naturally snatched at these chances; it was a case of pull-baker, pull-devil all round, and when the latter got the advantage, the Argentine mind flung all scruples to the winds and went in for golden calf-worship. Money was borrowed so long as any financiers would negotiate loans, paper money was issued with delightful prodigality, land rose to fancy prices, thanks to the ease with which the purchase-money could be obtained from the banks, and the kings of the Bolsa gambled in gold premiums, utterly reckless of the damage inflicted on public credit. At last came the crash, and then, of course, the virtuous Argentines turned savagely on their President and charged him with being the author of their ruin. The worthy man probably has made some pretty pickings, but where is the Argentine statesman who does not mentally associate office with the pagoda tree?

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.—The Government has reason to congratulate itself on the comparative ease with which the Anglo-German Agreement has passed through Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's difficulty was formal rather than substantial, and no class of politicians seem to have attributed to it much serious importance. With regard to the Agreement itself, the weight of opinion on both sides of Parliament was decidedly in favour of it; and in the country there is a general feeling of satisfaction that the questions in dispute have been settled on terms which conflict neither with the national honour, nor with the national interests. Happily, the feeling about the matter in Germany corresponds to that which prevails in England. The Germans are still highly pleased by the fact that they have won Heligoland; and, although they think that their Government has given up rather too much in Africa, they do not doubt that they have secured as ample an opportunity for colonial expansion as they are ever likely really to need. They are gratified, too, by the idea that the Agreement may be regarded as a symbol of a good general understanding between the two nations. This, perhaps, is the most important point of view from which the subject can be considered. Not so very long ago our relations with Germany were very far from being what they ought to have been. By reckless talk about Austria Mr. Gladstone contrived to give a good deal of offence to our Teutonic kinsfolk, and it seemed doubtful whether the mischief he had done could be speedily effaced. Lord Salisbury has succeeded in obtaining the confidence and good-will of the Germans, and we may reasonably hope that, whatever party may in future be in power in England, his work in this respect will be loyally carried on. A formal Anglo-German Alliance may be impossible; but the two countries, by acting together cordially, might exercise an influence that would tell powerfully on the side of peace, and be in the highest degree favourable, not only to their own interests but to those of the entire civilised world.

THE ARRANGEMENT WITH FRANCE.—According to a French newspaper the Anglo-French agreement upon things African, which was the natural outcome of the Anglo-German arrangement, has been signed in Paris. The first clauses deal with the Protectorate claimed by the French over Madagascar, which we recognise in return for their recognition of our Protectorate in Zanzibar. The rest of the document is said to provide for one of those amiable partitions of vast stretches of territory, without regard to the wishes of the inhabitants, which of late have become so fashionable. France undertakes not to interfere with our splendid project of running a line of British States through the Lake District of the Dark Continent from Egypt to Cape Town, probably because she fancies it a dream, and we leave to France a free hand in the Desert of the Sahara, and allow her to form a triangular system of routes uniting Algeria with Senegal and the Congo Free State and Soudan. Free Trade is already assured both to England and Germany in the Lake Chad region, but by this agreement we leave the Hawssa Country to France, and undertake not to push our Colonies on the coast beyond the Benue River. Enthusiastic persons in Paris are already endeavouring to raise capital for the construction of a railway due south from Algeria to Lake Chad, with branches to the districts of the Niger and the Congo, and it

is thought that the line will shortly be begun, as for this purpose France reserves the right to treat with the native Sultans. Not a word is said of the difficulties in Newfoundland, which are presumably reserved for another document, though the Fishery Question might well have been treated on the Heligoland basis, and settled by some further concession in Africa.

PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER.—The other day Lord Salisbury answered very cleverly the objections which had been raised to the plan whereby the same statesman holds the offices of Premier and Foreign Minister. The answer, however, was not perfectly satisfactory. It is quite true, as he said, that if the Prime Minister happens to be a member of the House of Lords, he has ample time for the duties of the Foreign Office. But the question is whether the Prime Minister ought ever to be a member of the House of Lords, or of the House of Commons alone. The events of the present Session can hardly be said to have settled the question in an affirmative sense. Mr. W. H. Smith is personally so much respected, that no impartial politician wishes to judge harshly the manner in which he has led the House of Commons. It is certain, however, that if the place he occupies had been filled by the Prime Minister, the record of work accomplished would have been very different from what it actually is. The Prime Minister would have been able to exert an authority which it is hardly possible for any one in a less prominent position to possess, and he would not have allowed the Session to slip away without securing some valuable legislative results. It may be urged that it is sometimes expedient, or even necessary, as in Lord Salisbury's case, that a member of the House of Lords should be Prime Minister; but why should we not alter our present system, and arrange that all Ministers, so long as they hold office, shall be members of both Houses? In that way, the Prime Minister could in every instance be the Leader of the House of Commons. He would then, of course, never dream of combining with the Premiership, as Lord Salisbury has done, the functions of a Foreign Minister. This suggestion has often been made, and we do not know that any very weighty argument can be advanced against it. The present plan is maintained simply in deference to the kind of formal Conservatism with which Lord Salisbury tells up he has no sympathy.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.—One of the many good true things said by the Iron Duke was his description of non-commissioned officers as "the backbone of the British Army." So they were in his time; are they now? Lord Dundonald, like many others who have given attention to the subject, contends that this intermediate grade has deteriorated greatly since the short service system was introduced. Non-commissioned officers are, it is true, permitted to elect for long service after a specified period of probation, provided they are in good health. At first sight, therefore, it would appear as if the short service system could not operate, to any sensible extent, to eliminate the veteran element from their ranks. Nor would it do so did the majority re-engage for long service on completion of the probationary period. Unfortunately, only a small minority avail themselves of the privilege, and the consequence is that most regiments labour under the disadvantage of having their non-commissioned ranks largely filled with young and inexperienced soldiers. According to all accounts this was especially the case in the Second Grenadier Guards, nor can there be much doubt that the discreditable outbreak at Wellington Barracks was mainly due to a lack of authority among the sergeants and corporals. Lord Dundonald attributes the disinclination of the old hands to re-engage to the pernicious influence of deferred pay. Intended as a temporary provision for soldiers on completing their colour service, it has come to be regarded as a bonus on leaving, and many who might otherwise continue in the profession of arms are tempted to abandon it by the promised *douceur*. If this be the case, the sooner deferred pay is abolished the better. Were the large amount thus set aside annually added to the remuneration of the non-commissioned officers they would have stronger inducement to remain in the army and less inducement to leave it.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.—Public interest would seem to have slightly fallen off this year with regard to the naval manoeuvres on account of the want of absolute novelty, but the interest of naval men is keener than ever, for the questions to be decided are of paramount importance to England. The operations of the last two years have proved that it is impossible to blockade a fairly powerful fleet in port, or to defend our coasts from isolated attacks by the enemies' swift cruisers and battle-ships. This year the two opposing fleets will fight over the great trade routes on which our commerce with all the world depends. In the event of war the great danger to England will be from within, and not from without, for, as the country is not self-supporting, the cutting of the trade routes for a week or two means starvation, with all its attendant horrors. It has long been a commonplace with Continental strategists that England could be brought to her knees without a single great naval battle being fought, by cutting off supplies from abroad, and rendering the ocean unsafe for our merchantmen. Can we, therefore, prevent an enemy from cutting our trade routes,

or can we drive him away in time should he succeed in establishing himself across one of them? These are the questions which are now about to be fought out by Sir George Tryon and Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, with fleets of fairly equal strength on an imaginary trade route from the south-west. It is now a settled thing that our navy is too small to defend our coasts thoroughly; is it too small to defend our trade routes, and keep us from starvation in time of war? And meanwhile Parliament goes on squabbling over insignificant trifles.

FREE EDUCATION IN SCOTLAND.—On Monday evening the Government must have been rather sorry that they had not thought of establishing in Scotland a perfectly free system of elementary education with the money which is to be raised by means of the new tax on spirits. From the general tenor of the debate on the subject it was manifest that Scottish opinion was all but unanimously in favour of the proposal, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's motion was defeated by a very small majority, consisting chiefly of English Conservatives. No doubt a great many objections, more or less sound, can be urged against the system of free education; and it is possible that they may be finally accepted by Parliament as valid when the question in its relation to England comes to be seriously discussed. But it is far from clear that these objections should be allowed to stand in the way in the case of Scotland, if the Scottish people really desire that the plan should have a fair trial in their country. After all, should the system be followed by disagreeable consequences, it is by the Scotch that the burden will have to be borne, and they may reasonably claim to have the option of deciding matters which affect themselves alone. Besides, it must be remembered that the first steps in elementary education are already free in Scotland, so that what the Scotch representatives ask is simply that the existing arrangement shall be logically developed. In the course of the debate on Monday it was objected that there might next be a demand for the abolition of fees in a higher class of schools and in the Universities; but there would not be the same reason for a movement of this kind, since a sharp distinction must be drawn between elementary and secondary education. The present demand is intelligible and self-consistent, and, if the Scotch are in earnest about it, we may be sure that sooner or later they will get what they want.

CANALS.—The assembly of the International Congress on Inland Navigation at Manchester will be eminently beneficial if it directs public attention to the neglected condition of many English canals. Some have fallen into an atrophy through being starved by those foster parents, the railways, with which they have become connected. In other cases, the proprietors did not care to sink more capital in undertakings which might, they conceived, become obsolete at any moment. And so, through one cause and another, these most useful waterways do not perform one quarter of the work they could accomplish. But the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal seems to indicate that John Bull is beginning to awake to the fact that water-carriage has some advantages over railway transport. It is far cheaper, for one thing, while the loading and unloading of big barges involves, it is said, less "handling" than is the case with railway-trucks. Of course, in cases where speed and punctuality are governing conditions, the iron track is immeasurably superior to the canal. But even in these respects the latter might be brought much nearer to its great rival. There are certain requisites which only have to be supplied to produce a great change for the better. Every canal should be of the same dimensions throughout, so that a barge which entered at one end could proceed to the other without reducing cargo. Steam-tugs must replace horses for all-through traffic; tunnels must be lighted, and, when too low, must be enlarged. These improvements, no doubt, involve considerable expense; but the consequent increase of traffic could not fail to yield a very handsome addition to the revenue. With a proper system of canals, intelligently administered, the bulk of minerals and agricultural produce should find their way to market by water.

THE BLOOMSBURY BARS.—The man who is habitually late for the train has at last triumphantly prevailed over the thinker and worker who wants quiet, and needs a central position not out of range of Fleet Street and the Strand, and yet remote from the rattle of cabs and drays. The gates are to go. The Select Committee of the House of Lords has settled the matter. Some sort of compensation the injured ones are to have, for, though the London County Council did its best to make the sheep pay for being shorn, yet it finally agreed to lay down a noiseless pavement before the gates are removed, and to maintain the roadway at its own expense. We are constantly told that we live in a Democratic age, and that Demos will not stand gates and bars, or that one man should live in a quieter street than another. But surely Demos is, as usual, flustering his poor addled wits for nothing. Demos walks or rides in a 'bus, and there is no question of 'busses going through these squares, while the bars have never stopped any man afoot. 'Tis a mad world! The pampered plutocrat in the lordly cab will profit by the removal of the bars, while Demos will trudge along as before.



CARL HAAG

Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours
"THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER"



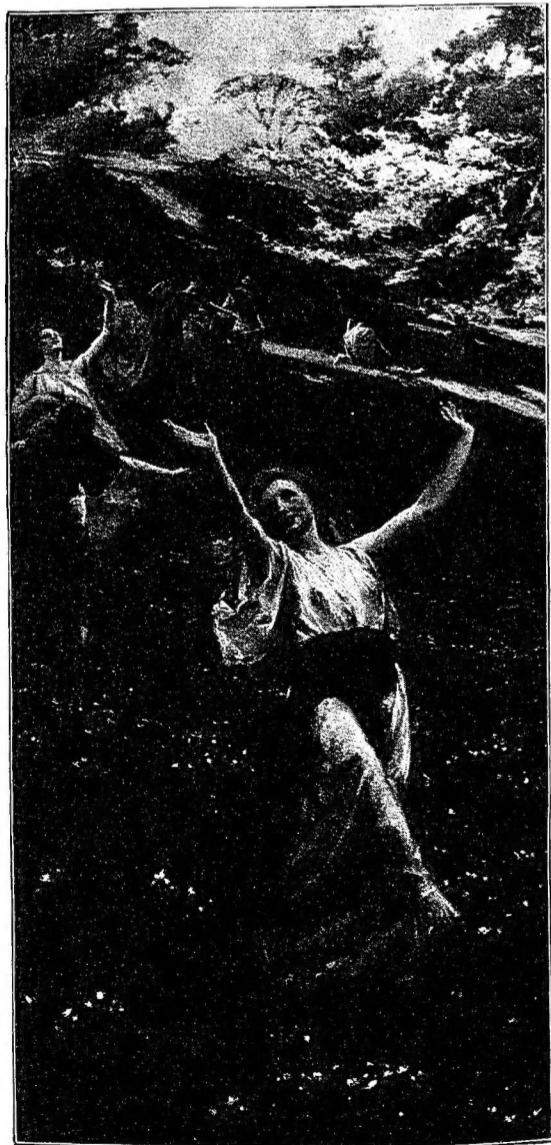
SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

ORIGINAL STUDY FOR "TRAGIC POETESS"

Royal Academy

PICTURES OF THE YEAR—VII.

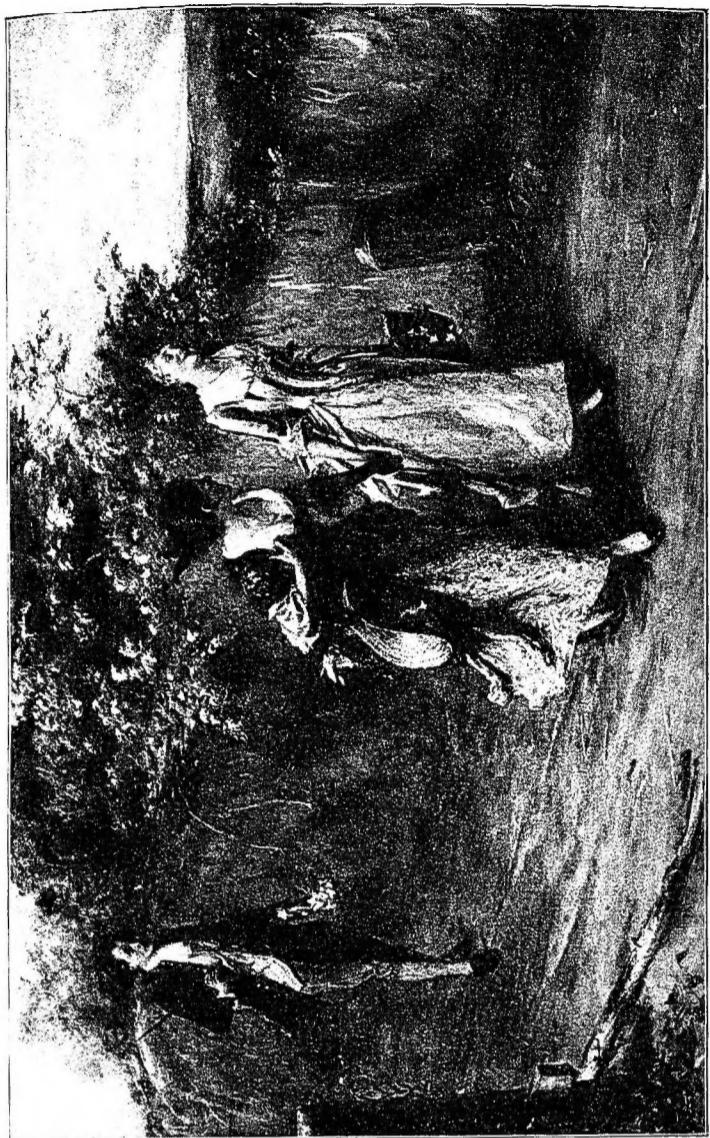
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J. R. WEGUELIN

"SPRING TIME"

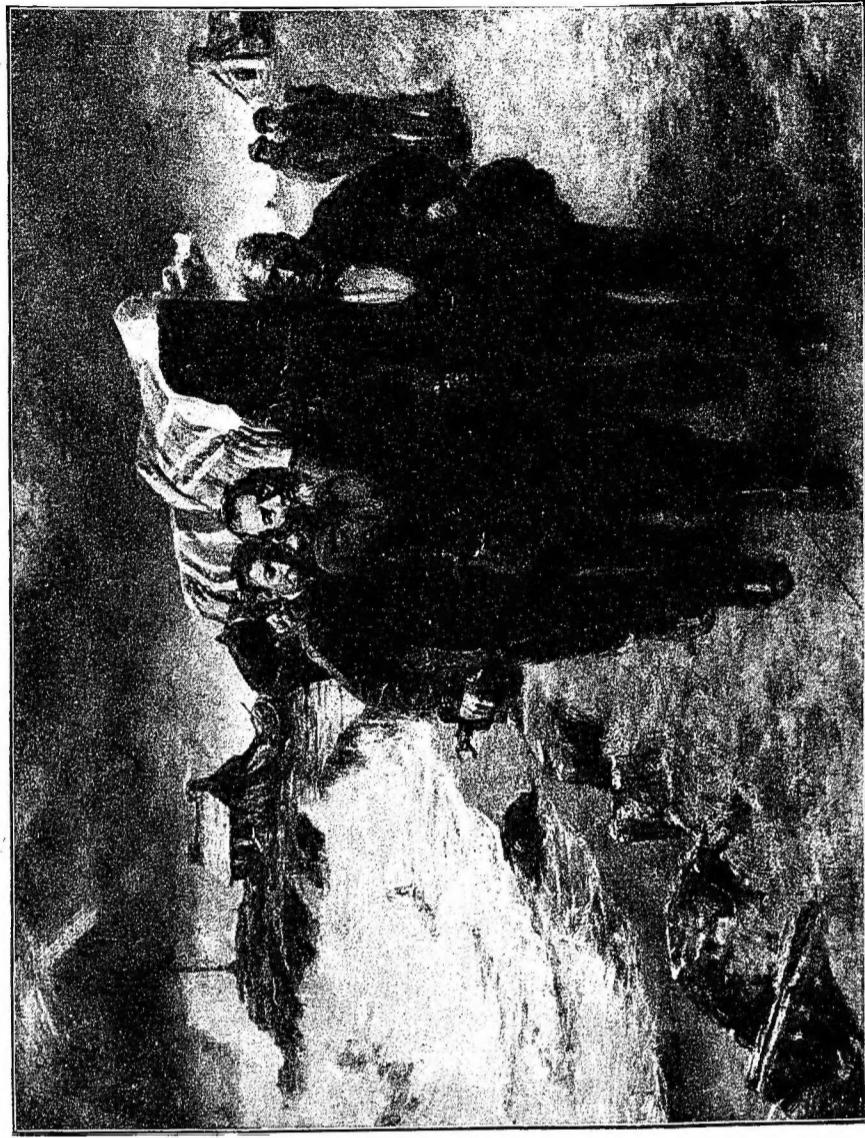
New Gallery



Royal Academy

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN"

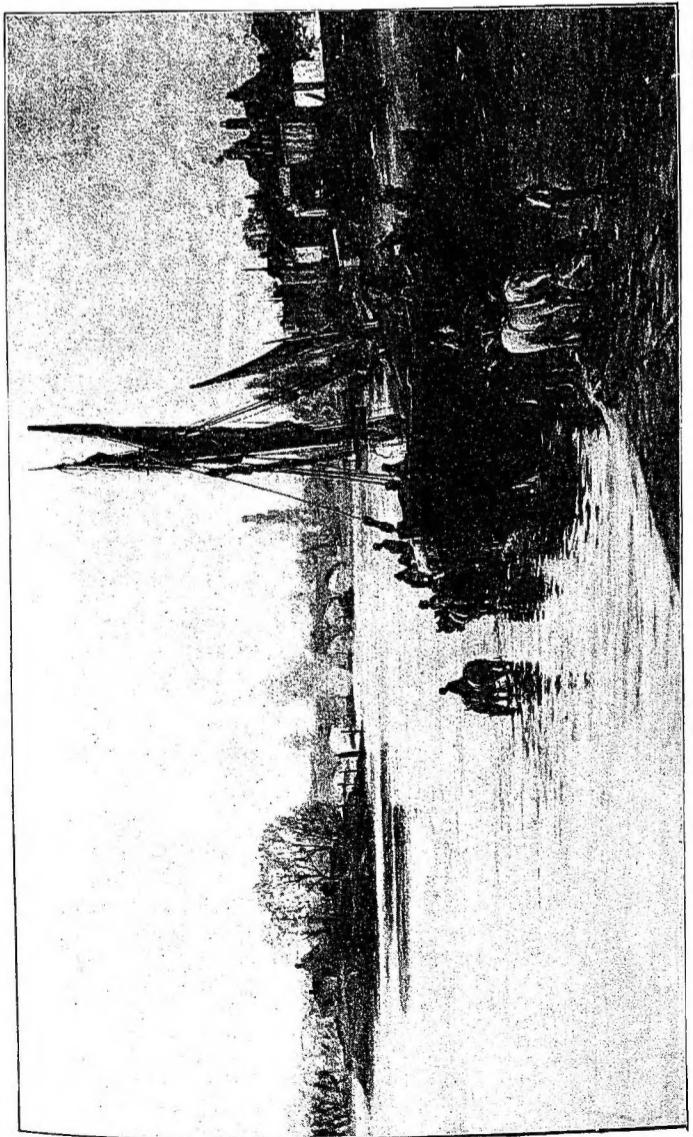
JOHN PETTIE, R.A.



Royal Academy

"POOR JACK"

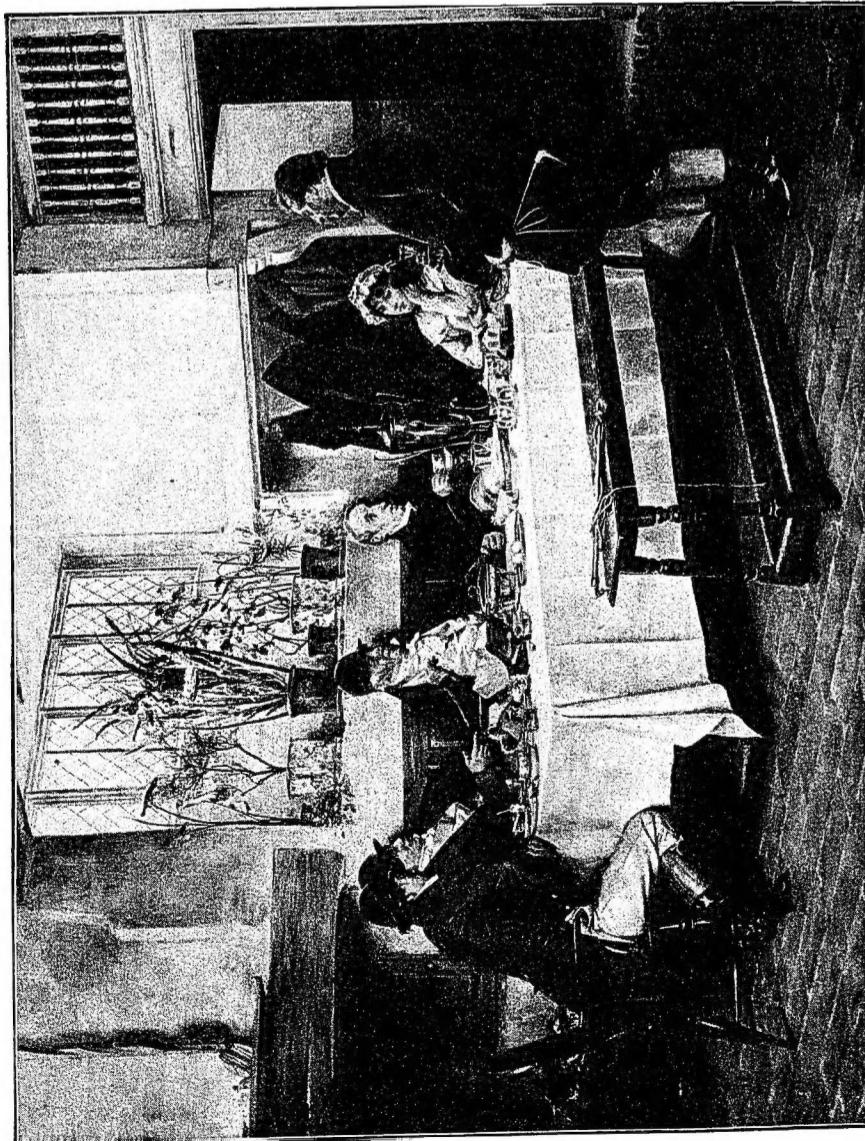
PHIL. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.



Grosvenor Gallery

"THE RIVER BANK"

C. W. WHISTLE



Royal Academy

"THE HUNTING MORN"

W. DENDY SADLER

(This Picture is the property of John Maple, Esq.)

PICTURES OF THE YEAR — VIII.
(COPYRIGHT)

BIDDING HIS CHILDREN GOOD NIGHT



BROWN CELEBRATING WHITMEADY



AT THE THEATRE ENTRANCE



THE PERILS OF STREET CROSSING



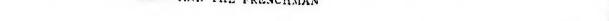
THE PARK BENCHES



THE LOST CHILD



CABBY AND THE FRENCHMAN



A TRIO OF MERRymAKERS



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHs



SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A LONDON POLICEMAN

DRAWN BY ROBERT BARNES, R.W.S.

ch library

but where he once walked through quiet squares the tearing hansom will swish mud into his eye and into the roots of his hair. And all this, like the abolition of the Coal Dues, is in the name of principle, for Demos only needs telling, long enough and loud enough, that his nose ministers to the monopoly of the mythical privileged classes, for him to seize upon that member and incontinently hew it off, even with no better weapon than the dull blade of the County Council. For Folly is justified of her children.

LYNCH LAW IN GALWAY.—It must be admitted that Judge Harrison acted rather foolishly in talking to the Grand Jury at the Galway Assizes about the advantages of "lynch law." In most parts of the world where the English language is spoken the expression is used in a definite and well-understood sense, and it was inevitable that, in speaking as he did, the Judge should be accused of recommending unlawful violence. In Galway, it seems, the expression has a wholly different signification from that which it bears elsewhere. Every one who has visited that interesting city has seen the old house where James Lynch Fitz-Stephens is said to have executed his own son. The memory of this incident has never died out in Galway; and, apparently, such advice as that given by Judge Harrison is taken by the people to mean simply that they ought to display a resolute spirit in the maintenance of the law of the land. This being so, Mr. W. H. Smith undoubtedly took the proper course in refusing to give Mr. Dillon an opportunity of moving that a Committee should be appointed to inquire into the Judge's conduct. Judge Harrison, and all other high officials in Ireland, ought, however, to take note of what may be the consequences of ill-considered speech in Ireland. It is supremely absurd that so much fuss should have been made about the use of a phrase which, as all Irishmen must have known, had in the circumstances no sinister meaning. The leaders of the Land League might be cordially congratulated if they were in a position to say that no more damaging charge could be brought against themselves. But Irish feeling is so easily inflamed, and advantage is so promptly taken of any act which is capable of being misinterpreted, that men in responsible offices cannot be too careful to shun even the appearance of an appeal to unworthy impulses.

THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.—The most satisfactory feature about the last collection for the London Hospitals is that the total shows another increase. The growth is not large, but it comes on the top of a substantial augmentation, while no extraordinary endeavours were made to work up the feelings of the charitable. Comparatively, therefore, London may congratulate herself on the result. Still, the sum obtained is altogether incommensurate with the crying needs of the grand institutions it is intended to benefit. To set them firmly on their financial legs, at least 100,000*l.* per annum is needed, whereas the present collection only amounts to a little over 41,000*l.* This, however, has still to be supplemented by the proceeds of the Hospital Saturday Fund and workshop collections, so that the hospitals seem likely to get a little more than one-half of their full demands for assistance. That is something, while a gain of scarcely less moment accrues from the check placed upon extravagance of management by the administrators of the Fund. Hospital managers have been made to feel that unless they practise as much economy as is compatible with efficiency, their shares of the collection will be likely to become microscopic. It would be well if some similar check could be instituted in connection with the Sunday begging processions, by which some hospitals seek to raise the wind. The Council of the Fund expressly repudiates all responsibility for these mendicant performances with their bands, banners, and obtrusive boxes. Nor is it clear what becomes of the money collected. Some part finds its way, no doubt, to the institution which authorises the collection, but the public have a right to know what proportion "working expenses" bear to net revenue. If censorious tongues are to be silenced, full information must be given on this and other details.

FEMALE CLERKS IN THE POST-OFFICE.—That pleasant little story concerning the passage of arms between Lord John Manners and a female post-office clerk may be apocryphal, but it is one of those straws which show which way public opinion is blowing. It symbolises the resentment felt by the public, more especially that portion of it which is stout, elderly, and in a hurry, at having to wait while the clerk barter stamps and chaff with some fascinating City gent, or discusses the latest bit of gossip with another oiled and curled young person. Timid men have been known to go miles out of their way to avoid some haughty young woman who looks down an irregular nose with accentuated contempt as she flings down the stamps required, or counts the words in a telegram that will be despatched when the whim takes her; for manners are greatly at a discount in the Junior Civil Service. Still here and there a girl clerk may be discovered in a Post Office who is everything that is charming, and whose manners are irreproachable, but that is generally where she has only just enough work to keep her busy, and has no fellow clerk with whom to comment on the public. It must be fearfully tiring to stand all day long, and the heavy work of an important office must be

more than a girl can really endure day after day, so, no doubt, it is for this reason that the female clerks at the Ludgate Hill Post Office have been replaced by male clerks. The hurry of a big office must put a strain on the clerks of both sexes, but still they might more frequently have pity on an unoffending public, and not study how to send the humble applicant for stamps away feeling a small and degraded object, as they so often seem to do.

NOTICE.—With this number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "THE LIFE OF A LONDON POLICEMAN," the second, "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VIII."

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FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY and FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, see page 129.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, MRS. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, August 4, M. BEERBOHM TREE and COMPANY.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, MRS. S. LANE.—Monday, August 4, and during the week, at Seven, MY JACK. Misses Oliphant, Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, W. Glenny, &c.—VARIETIES—Concluding with ALIVE AND KICKING.

NATIONAL BANK HOLIDAY.

S. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TO-MORROW (MONDAY) AFTERNOON, at THREE.

TO-MORROW (MONDAY) NIGHT, at EIGHT.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

will give TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES of An ENTIRELY NEW and CHARMING ENTERTAINMENT.

Comprising a New Set of Songs in the first part, and a New and exceedingly Funny Sketch, called

AN ANIMATED PORTRAIT, In which Mr. T. Campbell, John Kemble, Tom Birchmore, and the Phalanx of Comedians will appear.

Second Week of the strikingly novel and delightful Performance of Mr. D. Baker, Mr. J. Manning, Mr. R. Jones, And Mr. J. Davis,

The new and accomplished American Performers, in their speciality, called SILVER BELLS.

which has been greeted with the utmost enthusiasm at every performance since their debut.

Doors open for the Afternoon Performance at 4.30; evening at 7.30.

Prices of Admission, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 2*½s.*, 5*s.*. No fees. No charge for programmes.

St. James's Hall is now the coolest place of amusement in London. No gas. Electric light everywhere.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—**BRIGHTON and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.** The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the August Bank Holiday, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Saturday a fourteen day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by both Morning and Evening Express Services. Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Dieppe. On Sunday and Monday Day Trips to Special Excursion Fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace Holiday Entertainments on Monday, extra Trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10.00 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. COMMENCING FRIDAY, 1st AUGUST, additional Fast Trains will run between Victoria and Brighton as under, every Weekday except Bank Holiday, Monday, August 4th.

From Victoria 5.30 p.m., arriving at Brighton, 6.30 p.m. (1*s.*, 2*s.*, 3*s.* Class).

From Brighton (Central Station) 9.30 p.m., arriving at Victoria, 10.45 p.m. (First Class only).

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

FOR PARTICULARS of CRUISES to NORWAY, LEVANT, and CRIMEA; ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM; and to the WEST COAST and FIOARDS of NORWAY, see page 134.



AT GOODWOOD—WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE COACHES

THE Goodwood Meeting—which marks the close of the London season—fully maintains its pre-eminence as a delightful and select racing resort. Even Ascot is getting spoilt by its easiness of access, and is—as regards the crowd of visitors—becoming rather like what Epsom was in the pre-railway era. Then the drive from Chichester commands charming prospects of woodland, valley, and sea; and from the lofty racecourse a thoroughly characteristic English landscape is visible. The well-shaded lawn adjoining the Stand is an excellent place for a picnic, and when the weather is fine and the fates propitious to those who "back their fancy," Goodwood is a most charming spot.

ARMY ATHLETIC MEETING AT ALDERSHOT

WHEN the condition of the weather which has prevailed at so many of the sports and entertainments held during the month is taken into consideration, the Committee who organised the Fourteenth Army Athletic Meeting at Aldershot are to be congratulated on the beautifully fine sunshine with which they were favoured. It materially assisted in drawing a large and fashionable audience, who watched the various contests with the excited interest which was a characteristic feature of both days' proceedings. Lieutenant-Colonel Fox, Inspector of Gymnasia, assisted by Captain Berkeley Quill, were responsible for the arrangements, which, it is hardly necessary to say, were perfect in every particular. On another page we give a few illustrations of some of the prominent features of the meeting, such as the Sword v. Sword contest, the Hundred and Fifty Yards' Sack Race, which afforded much amusement, and was won by Corporal Sullivan, 1st Middlesex Regiment, the Obstacle Race, showing Staff-Sergeant Crawford, of the Gymnastic Staff, leading over the most serious of the numerous "obstacles," also of the Tug of War, which resulted in one of the longest and most exciting pulls that we have witnessed for some years. The gymnastic exercise on the "Vaulting Horse" was won by Sergeant Bird, R.A., and the Highland Fling competition by Piper McFarlane, 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The grand cavalry display by the 20th Hussars met with the well-deserved applause which always rewards the exhibitions of this nature which this popular regiment frequently give of their good horsemanship and successful training.

THE QUEEN OPENING A NEW DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON

A NEW new deep-water dock at Southampton was opened on the afternoon of Saturday last, the 26th ult., by Her Majesty the Queen. This dock was begun nearly three years ago, and would probably have been completed a twelvemonth earlier but for a serious accident, which added a sum of 40,000*l.* to the original estimate of 300,000*l.* Most of the money has been found by the London and South-Western Railway Company, who are naturally anxious to recover some of the traffic which they have lost by the withdrawal of several steamship lines from Southampton, notably the vessels of the P. and O. Company. The accident referred to above was the bodily displacement of a great portion of the east wall, and this is said to have been caused by the double tides which occur at Southampton. In addition to the usual high water, there is a second high water about two hours after the first. This peculiarity is due to the position occupied by the Isle of Wight. To return to the new dock. The entrance is one hundred and seventy-five feet wide; there is an available water area of eighteen acres; the uniform depth at low water spring tides is twenty-six feet; a continuous channel, two miles long, of the same uniform depth, has been dredged, extending to the natural channel of the river; and a complete system of railways, fifteen miles long, extends throughout the dock property, and connects with the main line of the South-Western Railway.

Southampton, as an industrial centre, suffered much less from the withdrawal of the big steamers than was generally expected; and the inhabitants cherish a belief that the new dock will cause the P. and O. Company to revert to their first love, for if inadequacy of space should compel them to leave their present quarters at the Albert Docks, they would find Tilbury practically as far off as Southampton.

Saturday's proceeding began with a luncheon in a huge temporary shed erected on one of the dock-quays. Some six hundred persons of more or less distinction were present at this festival. Toasts were drunk and speeches were made. About half-past four the *Alberta* arrived, and the Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, and the Duke of Edinburgh, was discovered seated beneath an awning in the stern. The various dock officials were then presented to the Queen, an address was read and replied to, the Queen named the new dock the Empress Dock, and then, after receiving the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton on board the *Alberta*, Her Majesty returned, *via* East Cowes, to Osborne.

SCENES IN GUATEMALA

IT is a curious fact regarding the less prominent countries of the world that, as long as they are quiet and prosperous, we are content to remain perfectly ignorant about them; but as soon as they get into trouble, we are eager to rub up our geographical knowledge. Until the other day how many professedly well-educated Englishmen were there who knew anything about Guatemala and San Salvador? Very few, we suspect; so, now that the two States are at loggerheads, let us pour forth a little of our encyclopædic information. Though all the States of Central America are distinguished by a luxuriant and varied vegetation, each has a distinct geological and physical character of its own, and the change from the green undulating hills of San Salvador to the precipitous rocks and mountains of Guatemala is most striking. Guatemala, after the Declaration of Independence, became a member of the Mexican Confederation, afterwards joined the league of the Central American States, and finally became an independent Republic. New Guatemala, the capital, presents a beautiful appearance from the surrounding mountains, its walls, domes, and steeples being covered with a glittering cement. The houses, however, are only one storey high, to obviate the danger of earthquakes, which are frequent. The previous capital, called Old Guatemala, and founded by the Spanish conquerors, was destroyed by an earthquake in 1773. There was a still older town, called Ciudad Vieja ("ancient city"), and here is situated the "Pila," or washing-place, represented in one of our engravings. The other shows the market-place, Guatemala. The Guatemalans possess an aptitude for the arts—they are skilled workers in silver, sculptors, and musicians; while the women are excellent embroiderers, dress-makers, and florists.—Our engravings are from sketches by Colonel J. Hayes Sadler, 27, Cadogan Terrace, S.W.

"TWO ROSES"

MR. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH'S pretty picture naturally recalls the title of the late James Albery's popular play. The picture needs no explanation.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., is continued on page 119.

SELLING FISH ON THE BEACH, HASTINGS

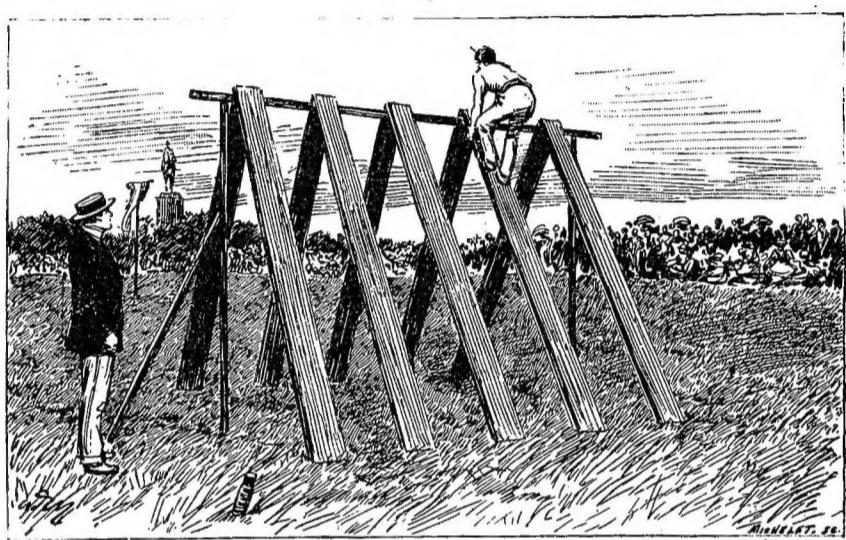
A STIRRING scene on a sunny summer morning, a pushing, shouting crowd of fishermen, fish salesmen, and loafers, with a sprinkling of visitors, some actuated by motives of curiosity, others coming on the chance of buying fresh fish for breakfast. The luggers are mostly anchored in the offing, while the fish are ferried ashore in pads and trunks. A lively scene at the water's edge, a constant succession of boats being beached and empty boats launched again to return on board for fresh loads, a scene of some excitement when there is a fresh sea on, and the boats dash wildly on to the shelving shingle. Many of the visitors to the "West End" of Hastings and St. Leonards never probably see the scene at all, but if they stroll eastward to where the Black Rocks jut out opposite the old "Cutter" Inn (now metamorphosed into a brand new stucco "Cutter" Hotel), and walk down the beach



SWORD v. SWORD (MOUNTED FOR OFFICERS)



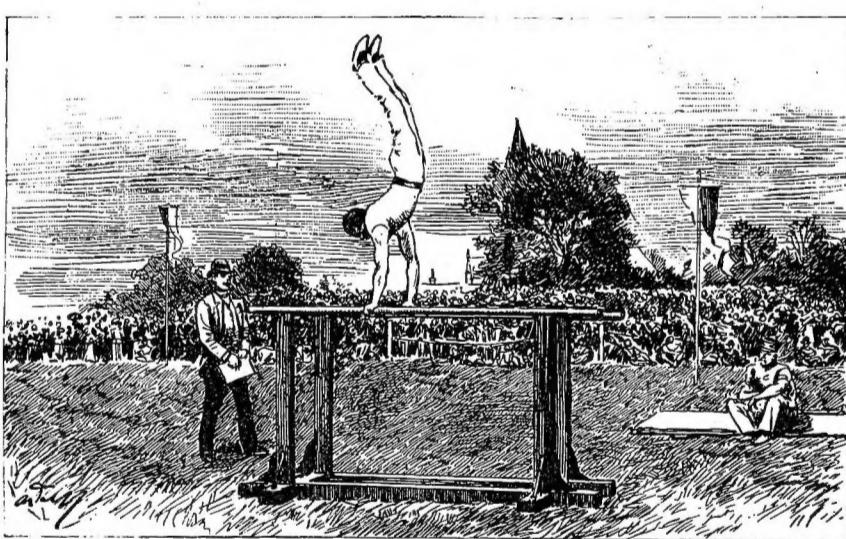
150 YARDS SACK RACE



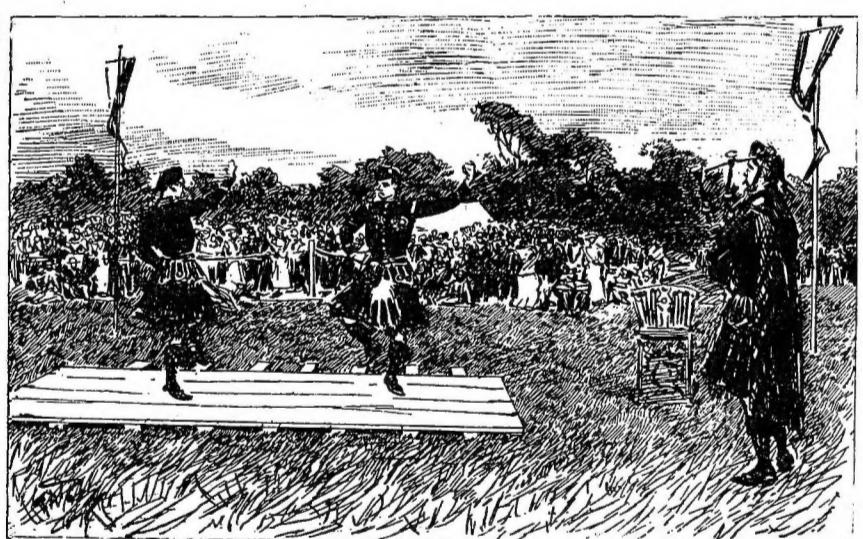
OBSTACLE RACE—STAFF-SERGEANT CRAWFORD WINNING



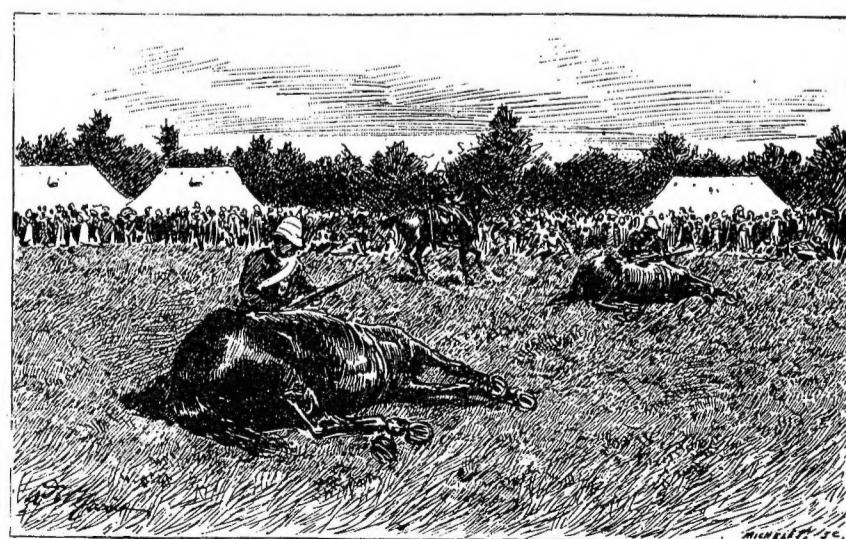
TUG OF WAR



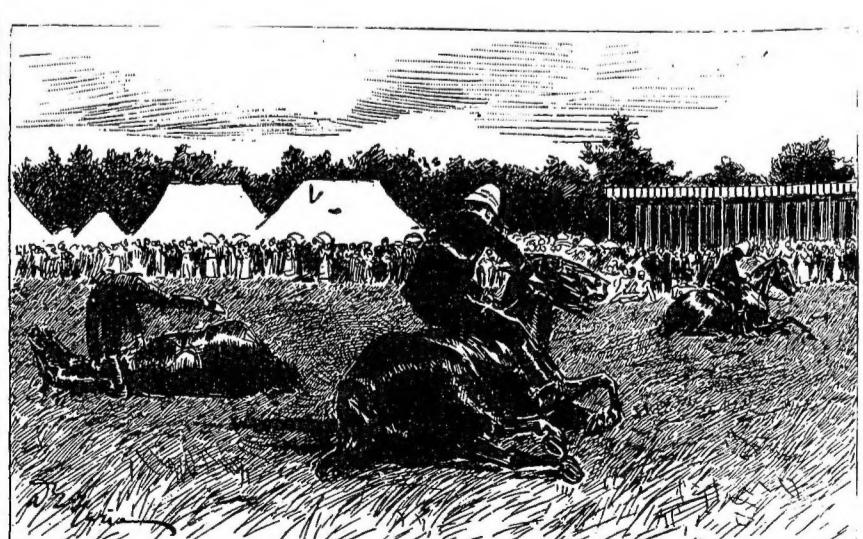
GYMNASICS



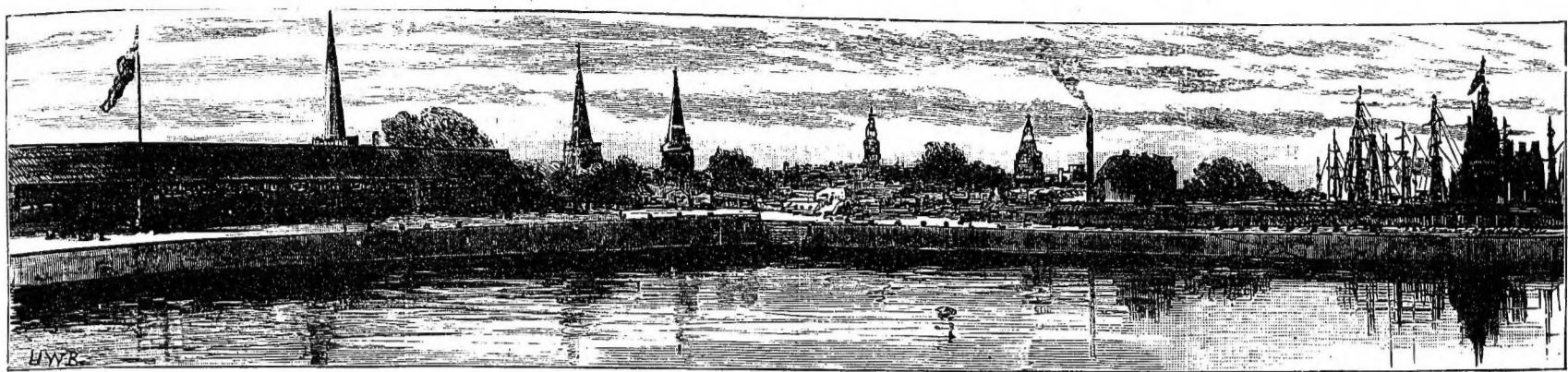
HIGHLAND FLING COMPETITION



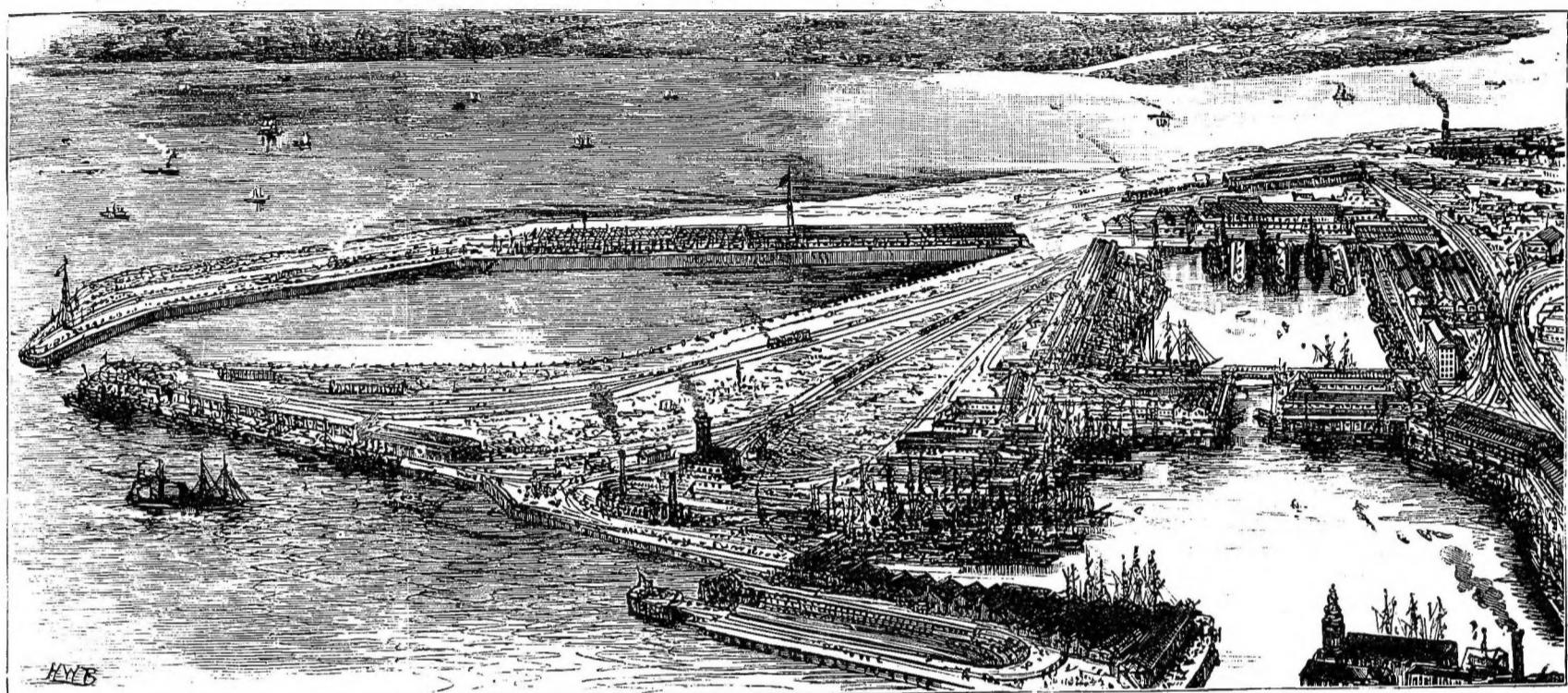
CAVALRY DISPLAY BY THE TWENTIETH HUSSARS—FIRING POSITION



CAVALRY DISPLAY BY THE TWENTIETH HUSSARS—RE-MOUNTING



VIEW OF THE NEW DEEP-WATER DOCK LOOKING TOWARDS THE TOWN



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, SHOWING THE NEW DOCK



THE "ALBERTA," WITH THE QUEEN ON BOARD, BREAKING THE RIBBON AND ENTERING THE DOCK

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO SOUTHAMPTON—OPENING OF THE EMPRESS DOCK

among the old black tarred net-houses and the beached luggers, they will find themselves in the thick of such a scene as we illustrate, the ringing of a handbell giving notice of a sale. Piles of big congers, gurnard, soles, plaice, and an *omnium gatherum* of all sorts of fish are shot out from the incoming pads, and then a fierce bidding goes on for the different lots until disposed of. Dogfish are eaten all along the south coast, whilst on the east coast no fisherman would touch them. Most of the fish is railed straightway to London, but some few mixed lots are sold to odd men, hawkers, &c., and from them may be bought by visitors.

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT

See page 128

"SURPRISE OF A VILLAGE"

THE French are past-masters in the art of painting military pictures, and there are some admirable specimens of this kind of subject in this year's Salon at Paris. Among these we may mention an excellent picture by M. Flameng, representing the march of the French troops upon Amsterdam in the earlier part of the great Revolutionary War; and the picture by M. Boutigny, which we here engrave. M. Boutigny's picture is taken from the Franco-German War, and depicts a scene in Lorraine. The Germans have surprised a village, and the French soldiers who are in charge of the place are on the alert. A trumpet is being sounded, an officer is beckoning his men to come on, and already one soldier has fallen a victim to the enemy's bullets.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR—VII.

IN "The Worshipful Master," Mr. Carl Haag has painted a faithful and striking portrait, whose attractiveness is still further enhanced by the beauty of the frame.—Sir Frederick Leighton's studies for his more highly-finished works are always interesting, and this certainly applies to the sketch of the "Tragic Poetess" here given.—In Mr. J. R. Weguelin's "Spring Time," a joyous troop of youths and maidens are disporting themselves on the greensward in one of those happy climates situate in the latitude of Utopia, where the *bise*, the *mistral*, and the parching east wind are equally unknown.—Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "River Bank" introduces us to one of those scenes which, as Browning has acutely pointed out, seem commonplace and prosaic when looked at in reality, yet please us vastly when represented in a picture.—Mr. Pettit has not painted many more popular pictures than "The World Went Very Well Then." It is redolent of the careless gaiety of youth, which, nevertheless, fails to realise its own exceeding happiness until the hours of happiness have past. The young man forms an agreeable foil to his lively companions, being of a shyer and soberer temperament than they.—Mr. Dendy Sadler is always interesting, and, as usual, the characterisation of the several personages depicted in "The Hunting Morn" is excellent.—Mr. Morris's "Poor Jack" is very pathetic. We instinctively recall "Tom Bowling," and murmur "Faithful below he did his duty, But now he's gone aloft."

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A POLICEMAN

A MODERN bard has told us—and the phrase has become almost proverbial—that "a policeman's life is not a happy one." The saying, of course, must not be taken too literally. Happiness is an affair of the inner man, and depends very little on his avocation, or other external circumstances. But it may be truthfully affirmed that "a policeman's life is a very risky one." He really is in more peril than the professional soldier, even in time of war, for the soldier only fights occasionally, whereas the policeman goes forth to battle every day, or at any rate every night when on night-duty. If he sees a thief, he must not follow Dogberry's advice, and steal out of his company, he must try and catch him. Often, too, he does catch him, despite the fact that the midnight predators are sometimes two or three against one, and that while he is only armed with a truncheon, they may be provided with sharp knives, murderous little "jemmies," and death-dealing revolvers. No wonder then that the policeman, if he has children whom he loves, kisses them fervently as he goes forth on night-duty. Some of that duty, such as regulating the street-traffic when the theatres are emptying, may be arduous rather than dangerous; but he may soon afterwards be called upon to quell a street-row, and may in a moment receive at the hands or feet of some cowardly ruffian an injury which may place him on the sick-list, or even incapacitate him altogether. It may be some compensation for these perils that the life of a constable presents plenty of variety. In the day time his most adventurous acts may be the convoying of timid old ladies across crowded thoroughfares; or the restoring—*via* the police-station—of lost children to their parents; or the settling of disputes between excited cabmen and still more excited foreign fares; but at night he may be the actor in far tragical scenes, as for example, when a woman, maddened by drink, misery, or despair, leaps from the brightly-lighted bridge into the cold, gloomy waters below.



POLITICAL.—Mr. Gladstone's emphatically-expressed desire for Disestablishment in Scotland to have precedence over that of the Church in Wales, and his consequent lukewarmness towards the movement for the latter, are stimulating his Nonconformist followers in the Principality to open rebellion. At the annual meeting of the Congregational Union of Wales, one of the speakers said, that Welsh M.P.'s must be pledged to refuse to support "the Liberal leader" unless an emphatic declaration is made that a measure for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales shall be introduced concurrently with, or next after, the Irish Home Rule Bill. This announcement was vociferously applauded by a majority of those present.—At the Kent County Demonstration in honour of the continuous parliamentary services, during a quarter of a century, of Sir W. Hart Dyke, Vice-President of Council, and formerly chief Conservative Whip, he referred to the slight check received by the Government in the conduct of business this Session, which he attributed to their over-confidence in their political opponents, who had made misrepresentation one of the Fine Arts. Mr. Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, contrasted the present of Conservatism with its past, when the hero of the demonstration first entered the House of Commons. Then, the Conservatives, though strong in the rural districts, were simply nowhere in the great towns. London at that time returned four Liberal members, and the City of Westminster, rejecting the present Leader of the House of Commons, returned two Liberal members. Now, while the Conservatives had not to any marked degree lost the affection of the people in the rural districts, they had gained the affection of the people in the large towns. Their greatest strength, perhaps, now lay in the large centres of industrial population, such as the Metropolis, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow.

THE EARL OF JERSEY has been appointed Governor of New South Wales in succession to Lord Carrington, who returns home in November. Lord Jersey, who is Paymaster-General, has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, and has taken an active part in

THE GRAPHIC

philanthropic movements. He is a grandson of Sir Robert Peel, the statesman.

AT A MEETING OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL on Tuesday, Sir Thomas Farrer was unanimously elected its Vice-Chairman in succession to Sir J. Lubbock.—A recommendation from the Parks Committee that the Council should continue to permit the Sunday playing of a band on Hampstead Heath was approved, an amendment disapproving of it being rejected without a division.

LORD ABERDARE, presiding at a meeting of the Royal Niger Company on Tuesday, disclaimed any apprehension of a collision in Africa between it and the French. The Council, he announced, had made, that morning, a regulation absolutely prohibiting the importation of spirituous liquors for sale or barter into any place within the Company's jurisdiction north of the seventh parallel of the north latitude, that is to say into about nineteen-twentieths of the regions over which it had treaty-rights of jurisdiction.

THE BILL for the removal of gates in the Bloomsbury region has now virtually passed both Houses of Parliament. The Duke of Bedford, the owner of the property in which they are placed, and those of the residents in the district who consider themselves aggrieved by the change, are not to be compensated, but before the gates are taken down, paving arrangements are to be made to minimise the noise apprehended from the omnibus and other traffic which is expected to follow their removal.—Parliament has also sanctioned the erection of the lock at Isleworth, which has been long agitated for, and which will prevent the bed of the Thames from becoming, as it now often becomes, little more than a stretch of mud at and near Richmond, the favourite haunt of so many Londoners and others.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the British Medical Association held its first sitting at Birmingham on the same day, when the new president, Dr. Francis W. Wade, Senior Physician to the Birmingham General Hospital, delivered the inaugural address, taking for his subject the pre-technical education of medical men. In the course of his remarks he deprecated the expenditure of much time on the acquisition of Latin, almost the only use made of which by a medical man was in writing prescriptions.—An interesting international exhibition of mining and metallurgy was opened by Lord Thurlow at the Crystal Palace on Monday.

COLONEL HENRY SMITH succeeds Colonel Fraser as Commissioner of the City Police.

A MEETING, not numerously attended, in favour of an Eight Hours Bill, was held in Hyde Park on Sunday, and was harangued by Mr. John Burns.—The stokers and firemen of the London, Dover, and Chatham's mail packets at Dover have struck in consequence of the dismissal of some of the men who had become members of a local branch of the National Seamen's Union, in contravention of the rules of company. No interruption of the sailing of the packets has been caused, the discontented strikers having been replaced by outsiders. After fruitlessly attempting on Tuesday to persuade the crew of the *Wave*, bound for Calais, not to go on board of it, the strikers attacked them bodily, and a free fight ensued, which ended in the crew getting on board and the *Wave* putting to sea.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-fourth year, of Sir William Baillie, Bart., Conservative M.P. for Lincolnshire in the Parliament of 1841-7; in his sixty-seventh year, of Colonel Cartwright, formerly Conservative M.P. for Northamptonshire; of Mr. William Aldam, formerly M.P. for Leeds, Chairman of the West Riding Bench of Magistrates and of the Aire and Calder Navigation Company; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. Robert C. L. Bevan, for sixty-one years partner in the well-known banking house of Messrs. Barclay and Co., an Evangelical Churchman, and a very liberal contributor to many religious and philanthropic societies; in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Dr. Havergal, Prebendary of Hereford; of the Rev. William H. Anderdon, formerly an Anglican clergyman, one of the earliest of the Oxford seceders to Rome, who joined ultimately the Order of Jesuits, and was the author of a number of religious works; in his forty-sixth year, of the Rev. George Linton, English Chaplain at Bonn; in his ninety-first year, of the Rev. Dr. Grant, late Minister of St. Mary's, Edinburgh; of General Plantagenet Harrison, for more than a quarter of a century a familiar figure in the search-room of the Record Office, where he was industriously employed in extracting entries relating to the transfer of land, or otherwise illustrating family history, from the reign of Richard I. to that of James I.; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. William Angus, publisher of the *Times* from 1864 until 1889, when he retired on a pension; of Mr. Christopher Wren Savage, formerly for many years Architect to the Poor Law Board and the Local Government Board; and of Dr. John Scott, of Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, a well-known physician.



I

THE Art Magazines have all more or less to say on English and French Art as seen in the summer galleries which are just about to close, the *Art Journal* especially dealing with the Paris Salons, and the *Magazine of Art* with the "Grosvenor Gallery." The former journal also has a good article on Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Work and Life as an Artist," and a most interesting paper on "Riverside Inns;" and the latter, papers on "Illustrated Journalism in England," "Stonyhurst," and the "Illustrating of Books," all of which are worth reading. The etchings and reproduction of pictures are admirable, but only *Art and Literature* has a portrait, and that, as a matter of course, of H. M. Stanley. It also contains two mezzographs of modern English paintings; while the *Magazine of Art* selects Munkacsy's "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," and the *Art Journal* "A Coming Shower," by P. Outin.

Temple Bar is always strong in fiction, and, with the continuation of "Atlas" and the end of "Pearl Powder," it quite holds its own, though *London Society*, with novels by Mrs. Edward Kennard, B. L. Farjeon, and Mrs. Alexander runs it hard. *Belgravian* also trusts in two popular novelists—Mrs. Hungerford and Mrs. Lovett Cameron; whereas the *Argosy* is still content with Mrs. Henry Wood's last novel, "The House of Halliwell." *Cornhill* goes to Greater Britain for the scene of its novels, "Eight Days" being an Indian and "A Bride from the Bush"—a colonial story. In *Chambers' Journal*, Mr. Clark Russell continues his romance of a wreck, "My Shipmate Louise."

We are constantly hearing *ex cathedra* statements from some anonymous Pope that the short story is at a discount in England, and that we possess neither writers nor readers of this form of fiction. A glance at the current magazines will go far to controvert this assertion, and among the excellent short stories published this month, it will suffice to quote "Chairs by the River," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; "A Pack of Cards," in *Longman's*; "The End of the Tragedy," in the *Argosy*; and "Dr. Studholme's Dream," in *Cornhill*.

In most of the lighter-magazines, the occasional articles are no less interesting than the fiction. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* we have a slight recurrence of the Stanley order of literature in "The Future of Africa," which, however, is by no means in the Stanley

vein, but assigns to the African the position given to the New Zealander by Lord Macaulay. However, *Scribner's* makes up for this want of tone with Mr. Edward Marston's article, "How Stanley Wrote His Book;" and *London Society* gives us a sonnet on the explorer's wedding.—"The Empire in Mexico," in *Belgravian*, is of more than usually mournful interest just now, when wars and revolutions are breaking out all over Central and South America.—"Fish as Fathers" in *Cornhill* looks at fish from neither an angler's nor a cook's point of view, and makes one tremble for fear they may soon be admitted to the franchise.—In *Temple Bar*, three French subjects, "Watteau," "Rivarol," and a "Perilous Amour," will all repay reading, more especially the latter; and "On the Embankment," in *All the Year Round*, is one of those chatty papers on London history and antiquities which are always welcome.

The holidays are upon us, and consequently the ladies' magazines have broken out into a perfect epidemic of bathing dresses, and provide illustrations and patterns of this necessary part of a holiday kit. To the profane male eye none of these costumes appear surpassingly beautiful, and only preferable in degree to the blue sack in which girls used to bob about on the edge of the strand. *The Woman's World* should give its mind to this subject, and evolve something worthy of its all-embracing name. This paper has already done something to mitigate the horrors of the ordinary fashion-plate, and should now endeavour to invent an unexceptional bathing-dress. Among other magazines of this class are *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*, which is full of information; *The Season*, of which the same may be said; and *The Ladies' Treasury*.

Children of all sorts and sizes are well supplied with literature nowadays, and we have received *Harper's Young People*, which is always good, *Little Folks*, which keeps up its standard wonderfully, the *Boys' and Girls' Companion*, the *Child's Own Magazine*, *Our Little Dots*, and the *Child's Companion*. All of these are well written and well illustrated, and provide young people with sound and healthy reading. *Young England* is also an excellent periodical for boys and girls.



THE TURF.—The annual meeting in the Duke of Richmond's Park is at present occupying the minds of all racing men, and also a very large number of the fashionable world who look upon Goodwood Races as the break-up of the season, and the last place to meet each other *en bloc* for some time to come. The long and tedious journey has always been the great drawback to this otherwise most charming meeting, but even this has been much improved of late, as the railway companies run some very fast trains. However, on Tuesday, a vast number got there somehow, and society was excellently well represented. As usual, the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the Duke of Richmond's numerous guests; and, as the weather was fine, the show may be considered a success in every way, except that Lottie Smith, the favourite for the Stewards' Cup, sadly disappointed her backers, only getting about sixth place to Lord Hartington's Marvel. Two unfortunate things happened in connection with the race. Mr. Coombs heard that his handsome horse Maxim had met with an accident, and at once scratched him, but, as matters turned out, the injury was so slight that he could have run and given his backers a chance, and a good one; the other case being that of Upstart, who was supposed to have a good chance, but unfortunately, through some accident in the morning, he was too much injured to take part in the race.

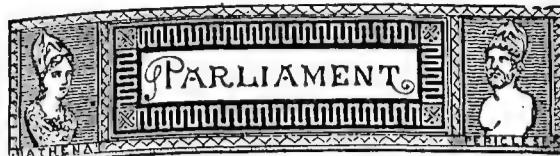
CRICKET.—The Australian players have been somewhat more successful in the last two matches, and have now made the losses and gains even. On Saturday they brought their game with Sussex to an end, beating the once-famous county by an innings and 45 runs. Poor Sussex has only won one match this season. Their last opponents were Kent, and here, although they won by ten wickets, they had not the easy task they had against Sussex. As might have been expected, Notts beat Derbyshire very easily, by an innings and 71 runs; and Surrey performed the same kind of service for Sussex, having made 392 in their first innings. Leicestershire beat Warwickshire very decisively, and in the match between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire Mr. Cranston in the second attempt made a grand innings of 152, while Mr. W. G. Grace added 98 to the score. Shrewsbury is still at the head of the list, with over 55 runs as an average, Gunn being next to him with 41, but it is satisfactory to see that Mr. Grace is working his way upwards, and no longer appears in the lower half of the list. London cricket is now almost over, the only match of much interest being that commenced on Wednesday between Rugby and Marlborough. This is not a fashionable match, and therefore little is heard of it; but considering that the two schools number some fifteen hundred boys, who naturally have a reasonable amount of fathers, mothers, sisters, and brothers, there must be many who don't go to Lord's who take a keen interest in the result.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Hurst Park Club seem to go in for everything, and it is to be hoped that under Sir Mathew Wood's clever management they may make a success in some of them. Amongst other things a Lawn Tennis Tournament was held there. The courts are unexceptionable, but the entries were not very good, and the play in no way remarkable.

ROWING.—The season for Thames rowing regattas is in full force, the last event being that held at Walton-on-Thames. This was once one of the most popular meetings, but this year the entries did not fill as heretofore, although there were some really good contests. Thames Rowing Club, as usual, had a good deal to say in the finals, and took the Senior Sculls, the Senior Pairs, and were unchallenged in the Senior Eights. The prizes were given away by Princess Frederica, and afterwards there was the usual display of fireworks.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Water polo is a new form of sport that seems to be making its way, and a large number of people assembled at Kensington Baths to witness a game between England and Scotland, but the general opinion was that the performance was very tame in every way. Scotland won by four goals to none, and should a so-called International match be made again, it is to be hoped that England will be able to find some abler swimmers to defend her character in this respect.

LONDON MORTALITY increased and decreased respectively during the last two weeks. The deaths numbered 1,522 and 1,418, being a rise of 51 and decline of 104, and at the rate of 17.9 and 16.7 per 1,000. In the latter return the deaths were no fewer than 448 below the average. Fatalities from diarrhoea and dysentery advanced to 111 (a rise of 4), and diminished to 107 (a fall of 4). Fever, measles, and whooping-cough remain high; but small-pox has almost disappeared. Last week the deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs reached 125 (1 below the average), and one casualty occurred from sunstroke. During the two weeks there were 2,346 and 2,514 births registered (a decrease of 122 and increase of 168).



THE process of winding-up the business of the Session has gone forward through the week steadily, but certainly not rapidly. Successive divisions on questions which had not seemed to necessitate a special "whip" have disclosed the presence of an average of three hundred and fifty men. This is not much more than half a full muster of the House, but it is an unexpectedly large muster to be found in attendance in the closing weeks of a laborious Session. The figures are the more remarkable since the Irish members do not contribute their usual proportion. Mr. John Dillon, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. W. O'Brien remain, and loom largely in the proceedings, more particularly at question time. But the rank and file of the party have gone home to look after their manifold private business. Even Mr. Tim Healy, "sea-green and incorruptible," has left Westminster to care for itself whilst he picks up the dropped threads of what is reported to be a comfortably lucrative business at the Bar.

Lord Randolph Churchill is another notable man who has anticipated the holidays. He has been very little in attendance during the Session; but last week was, by exception, found daily in his place. Now he has gone, and it is understood that through what is left of the Session his corner seat will know his face no more. Lord Hartington has been away at Goodwood, Mr. Chamberlain is packing up for his journey to the United States, and Sir Henry James has long ago given up regular attendance upon debate and division. Mr. Gladstone is still here, waiting for opportunity to discuss (and probably denounce) the mission of Sir Lintorn Simmonds to the Vatican. In the mean time he contributes a little speech to whatever subject may be uppermost. He generally withdraws after questions, fulfilling one of those numerous dinner engagements which beat the record of Stanley. In his absence Sir William Harcourt assumes the leadership on the Opposition side, and gives the Conservatives a foretaste of what will happen when Mr. Gladstone's seat is finally vacated. From what they know of the prospect, gentlemen on the Treasury Bench do not look forward to it with delight.

The week has seen the final passage of the Anglo-German Agreement, whose course through the House of Commons has been remarkably devious. It was announced beforehand that no objection to the measure would be raised from the Front Opposition Bench. That seemed sufficient reason for some gentlemen below the gangway to come to the front, and Mr. Phillips, a gentleman not hitherto prominent in politics, took upon himself the grave responsibility of moving the rejection of the Bill on its second reading. Before he got his innings Mr. Gladstone interposed, and made a speech that changed the whole aspect of affairs. He did not adversely criticise the Agreement. On the whole, he approved it. The little surprise he had in store for the House was his denunciation of the course adopted by the Government in obtaining final sanction for the Agreement. He presented himself in the quite unexpected attitude of a jealous defender of the privileges of the Crown. These he declared were assailed by the action of the Government in asking Parliament to assent to a Treaty as a preliminary to its ratification. The Treaty-making power, Mr. Gladstone urged, rested solely with the Crown, and to the amazement of the Conservatives, and the ill-concealed perturbation of the Radicals, he, in eloquent and indignant language, protested against the infringement of the inalienable right of the Crown. Finally, he "washed his hands" of all responsibility in the matter, and Sir William Harcourt followed his example, though he required two speeches in order to acquire the cleansing process. After this it might reasonably be expected that the Government, accepting their responsibility, would have been permitted to run the Bill through. But three nights were required for it, two being taken up with debate on the second reading and one in Committee, an unexpected appropriation of time that begins to disturb the calculations of finding the Prorogation accomplished on the 16th instant.

The perennial Irish Question may always be counted upon to supply incidents disturbing the ordinary course of business, and the week has not been lacking in this respect. Mr. Justice Harrison, charging the jury in East Galway, took the opportunity of expressing his surprise that the action of the agents of the Nationalist party were not met by an outbreak of Lynch Law. This, which the judge has since admitted to be "infelicitous" language, was promptly seized upon by the Irish members in the House of Commons. Their carefully-cultivated sensibility was shocked by the use of language calculated to promote disorder, and the judge's remarks were promptly brought under the notice of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Dillon gave notice of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the matter, and asked Mr. Smith to set aside a day for discussing it, a modest demand in which he was supported by Mr. Gladstone. In the mean while Mr. Justice Harrison had written a second letter in which he expressed his deep regret that an error of language should have laid his observations open to the construction put upon them by the Irish members. In view of this letter, which Mr. Smith hailed as a complete explanation, Mr. Dillon's request was refused, and the Irish members were perforce left content with the modified victory of having extorted an explanation and an apology from an Irish judge.

After the Anglo-German Agreement, the ill-fated measure once known as the Compensation Bill came up again in Committee. Its official title is the "Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Duties Bill." The compensation clauses being dropped, it seemed reasonable to hope that what was left of the Bill might be run through. But the Scotch members, having come to the front and supported the Front Opposition Bench, have prolonged the debate, and once, at least, put the Government into some peril. The Bill proposes that the £50,000. which comes to Scotland as her share of the publicans shall go in relief of the rates. A large majority of the Scotch members—42 against 14, as the divisions show—demand that these £50,000. shall be apportioned for the relief of school fees, so making education absolutely free north of the Tweed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is at the end of his sack of concessions, and stands by the proposals of what is left of the Bill. On Monday night, Mr. Campbell Bannerman having moved an amendment providing that the £50,000. should be devoted to freeing primary education

throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, the Government majority was brought down to 24 in a House of 352 members. On the next night the question was approached from another avenue, which, nevertheless, made it possible to debate the whole question over again, as if it had only just been discovered. On the second amendment, moved by Mr. C. S. Parker, the Government majority went up to 39; but that is not sufficiently high to relieve Ministers from the apprehension of possible disaster, brought nearer by the accident of Goodwood week.

The House of Lords has remained free from anything approaching exciting debate. Only twice through the week has it done more than formal business. On the first occasion the incident which led to the deportation of the Grenadier Guards came under discussion by the action of Lord Sandhurst. It brought out the Duke of Cambridge, but did not add much to the already acquired knowledge of the subject. A brighter passage of arms took place on Monday, when Lord Stratheden and Campbell, echoing a complaint frequently made by Mr. Gladstone, protested against the dual office held by Lord Salisbury, of Premier and Foreign Minister. Lord Salisbury was in sprightliest mood, which contrasted brilliantly with the pompous portentous manner of Lord Stratheden and Campbell. Lord Granville also stepped in, and, as happens when the two Leaders cross swords, the House temporarily brightened up, feeling that it owed a debt of gratitude to Lord Stratheden and Campbell for leading up to the incident. It was pleasing on all sides to notice how towards the close of the Session both Lord Salisbury and Lord Granville appear in better health and spirits than when the year opened.

THE AUSTRIAN IMPERIAL WEDDING

THE marriage of the Archduchess Valérie and the Archduke Franz Salvator, celebrated at Ischl on Thursday, is a pure love-match. The young couple, who are cousins, first met at Ischl, speedily fell in love, and were betrothed so far back as the end of 1888. However, Crown Prince Rudolph's death delayed the marriage, for, apart from mourning etiquette, the Princess has always been her mother's devoted companion, and was unwilling to leave the Empress in the depressed condition brought on by the loss of her son. The Archduchess Marie Valérie Mathilde Amélie is the third and youngest child of the Emperor and Empress



Archduchess Marie Valérie Archduke Franz Salvator
THE AUSTRIAN IMPERIAL WEDDING

of Austria, and was born at Ofen on April 22nd, 1868. Like her mother, the Archduchess is tall and slender, with splendid brown hair, simply twisted round her head in one broad plait. She has been brought up in very plain fashion, and prefers the country to the town, enjoying long walks and mountain ascents with the Empress. Although an accomplished musician, artist, and linguist, the Princess shows most taste for literature—sharing the talents of her late brother in this respect. When quite a child she composed several little plays and recitations for her parents' birthdays, and latterly has often contributed to an Austrian magazine for girls, besides writing verses in several languages. Indeed, she is especially fond of poetry. The Archduchess has been in England several times, and was a most industrious sight-seer when spending some weeks in London with the Empress not long ago. Turning to the bridegroom, the Archduke Franz Salvator—to omit his thirteen other names—is not quite two years senior to his bride, being twenty-four years old on the 21st inst. He belongs to the Tuscan branch of the Hapsburg family, and is the second son of the Archduke Charles Salvator and the Archduchess Marie of Austria, and was born at Ofen on April 22nd, 1868. Like her mother, the Archduchess is tall and slender, with splendid brown hair, simply twisted round her head in one broad plait. She has been brought up in very plain fashion, and prefers the country to the town, enjoying long walks and mountain ascents with the Empress. Although an accomplished musician, artist, and linguist, the Princess shows most taste for literature—sharing the talents of her late brother in this respect. When quite a child she composed several little plays and recitations for her parents' birthdays, and latterly has often contributed to an Austrian magazine for girls, besides writing verses in several languages. Indeed, she is especially fond of poetry. The Archduchess has been in England several times, and was a most industrious sight-seer when spending some weeks in London with the Empress not long ago. Turning to the bridegroom, the Archduke Franz Salvator—to omit his thirteen other names—is not quite two years senior to his bride, being twenty-four years old on the 21st inst. He belongs to the Tuscan branch of the Hapsburg family, and is the second son of the Archduke Charles Salvator and the Archduchess Marie of Austria.

THE PRIMATE has expressed his cordial approval of the movement to erect a memorial to the Canterbury martyrs who perished during the Mariaq persecution, and has promised to support it by a subscription. On Tuesday his Grace preached to the members of the British Medical Association at the opening of its Conference in Birmingham, concluding his sermon with an eloquent panegyric on the physician's mission.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, Lord Harrowby, and other members

of the Council of the London Bible Women and Nurses' Mission, make a special appeal for financial aid to that institution in consequence of the death of one of its benefactors, who for many years has contributed to its funds some £3,000. annually—in all more than £6,000. This is the largest association in London for nursing the sick poor in their own homes, besides performing other beneficent work. During 1889 its nurses paid 138,352 visits to 6,943 cases.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS DURING THE PRESENT YEAR to the Bishop of London's Fund, received up to July 21st, amounted to £12,154., which, with the balance in hand, enabled the Committee to make grants amounting to £1,421. Of this sum, £6,223. was spent on Mission building, £4,350. on endowments, £2,279. on churches, £1,076. on parsonages, and £580. on schools; Mission-clergy receiving £1,450., curates £2,082., and lay-agents £3,571.

THE ARCHDEACONY OF MANCHESTER and the valuable Vicarage of Rochdale, vacant through the appointment of Canon Maclure to the Deanery of Manchester, are conferred by the Bishop of Manchester on the Rev. J. M. Wilson, who consequently resigns the Head-Mastership of Clifton College, in which, eleven years ago, he succeeded Dr. Percival, the present Master of Rugby, fully maintaining its high reputation. He was Senior Wrangler in 1859, when he was appointed by Dr. Temple, then the Head-Master of Rugby, to a Mastership in that school, where he remained for twenty years as Science and Mathematical Master successively. On becoming Head Master of Clifton College he took orders, and was appointed chaplain to his former chief at Rugby, the present Bishop of London. While at Clifton, Mr. Wilson took a prominent part in promoting social, educational, and religious movements in Bristol. He is an able member of the Broad Church party.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Warburton Lectureship has been conferred by the electors—the Primate and Lords Mansfield and Selborne—on a former Fellow and Theological Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge, the Rev. F. H. Woods, Vicar of Chalfont, Bucks, in succession to the Rev. A. F. Kirkpatrick.—Dr. Moulton, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, whose election was briefly referred to in this column last week, is Principal of the Ley's School at Cambridge, was a member of the Company of New Testament Revisers, and is a very accomplished Greek scholar.—In addition to Lord Moncrieff, several prominent lay members of the Free Church of Scotland, among them Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. Duncan Forbes, of Culloch, have joined the Scottish Laymen's League, formed, as previously intimated in this column, to oppose the Disestablishment of the Established Church of Scotland, among other objects.—The death, in his fifty-seventh year, is announced of the Rev. John Kelly, an English Presbyterian minister, for many years chief editor of the Public Tract Department of the Religious Tract Society.—Two very handsome windows, on which are represented the Seven Acts of Mercy and the Eight Beatitudes, have been erected in the chancel of the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon, the burial place of Shakespeare, at a cost of £500., bequeathed by the late Miss Bromley.

LEGAL

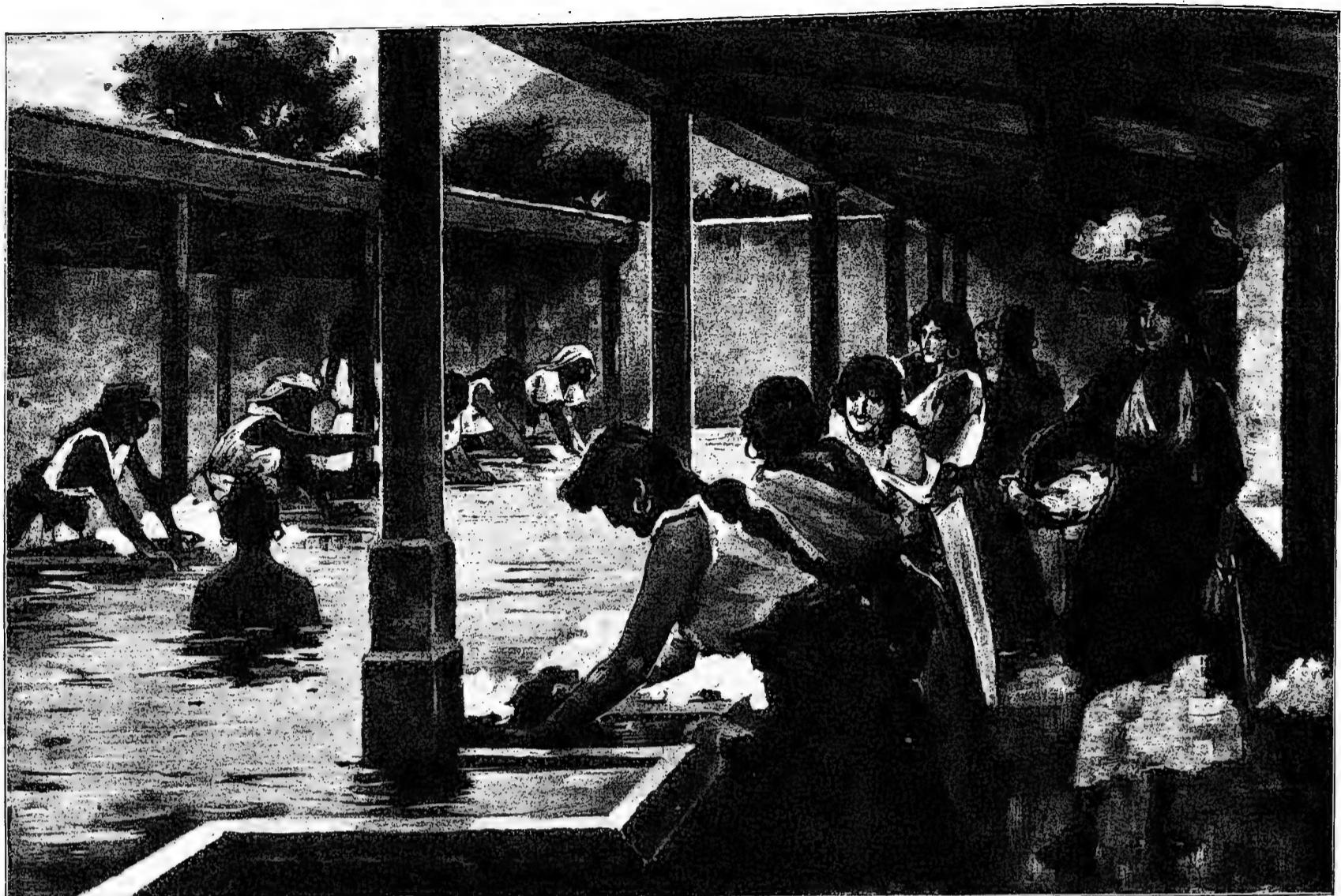
IN THE DUNLO DIVORCE CASE, which has occupied the Court for six days, the jury returned a verdict for the respondent.

MR. SILBER AND HIS WIFE LADY LUCY SILBER, a daughter of the late Earl of Lisburne, stayed at the Hôtel Métropole, London, at various times between May and September last year, their bill amounting to £400. Of this £100. has been paid, and Messrs. Gordon and Holland, then the proprietors of the hotel, have brought an action in the Queen's Bench Division for the balance, £300. Mr. Silber has become insolvent, and for the plaintiffs it was contended that they had a valid claim for the amount against his wife's separate estate. They also claimed a lien upon Lady Lucy's luggage, the quantity of which brought by the defendants to the hotel was unusually large, so large that longer than the customary credit was given them. Lord Justice Lopes at once dismissed the claim against Lady Lucy Silber's separate estate, but reserved judgment on the claim for the lien, a point which he said was one of great interest and importance.

A PERSIAN CARPET containing five million stitches, and described by the keeper of the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum as the most beautiful of the many thousands of carpets which he had seen during his Eastern travels, has been the subject-matter of an action in the Queen's Bench Division. Mrs. Brunton, the plaintiff, paid £1,000. for it, and gave it to be cleaned by the defen-

dants, Messrs. Maple, the well-known firm in Tottenham Court Road. According to her evidence, she told a member of the firm of the great value of the article, but of this circumstance, he deposed, he had no recollection, otherwise the defendants' counsel said they would have taken care to insure it. Ultimately, the carpet was entrusted, through them, to a man who lived in two rooms with his wife and four children. He cleaned it at home with benzoline, and hung it up to dry. It gave off fumes, and on one of the children striking a match to light the fire, an explosion took place, which irretrievably damaged the carpet, and a far more disastrous result of which was that two of the cleaner's children were burnt to death. The plaintiff claimed damages from Messrs. Maple on the ground of negligence. In summing up, Mr. Justice Grantham referred to the discrepancy between Mrs. Brunton's and Mr. Maple's evidence in regard to her statement that she had informed him of the value of the carpet, remarking that its owner was more likely to remember the details of an interview than a person who was engaged in a variety of business transactions. It seemed to the judge a very dangerous thing to have employed such an inflammable substance as benzoline in the place where it had been used, especially as it was shown that the cleaner had at a prior date a workshop for the purpose of cleaning articles instead of operating on them in his living rooms. The jury found for the plaintiff, that there had been negligence, and assessed the damages at £1,000.

ON Monday afternoon, at the residence of Mrs. Con Pilcher, The Cottage, 60, St. John's Wood Road, the Baroness Burdett Coutts presented, on behalf of a number of subscribers, a massive marble clock and purse of money to Police-constable Hampshire, 330 S Division, in recognition of his humane and energetic conduct in bringing before the magistrates, and getting convictions for, over one hundred cases of gross cruelty to horses. Colonel Sir Edmund Henderson, ex-Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, presided at the ceremony, and Inspectors Holland, Ross, and Keith, and a large number of sergeants and constables, were also present.



THE PUBLIC LAUNDRY AT CIUDAD VIEJA, NEAR ANTIGUA



THE MARKET PLACE, GUATEMALA

THE WAR IN CENTRAL AMERICA

THE GRAPHIC



"TWO ROSES"

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH, EXHIBITED IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"By heaven, this is too bad," cried Anthony, and started to his feet.

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

MAGDALEN'S PLANS

MAGDALEN CLEVERDON had come out for that day from Tavistock to visit her brother at Hall. She did not appear there very often, but made it a point of duty to visit Hall once a quarter. Old Anthony had not interfered when his wife resisted the interference of her sister-in-law, and discouraged her visits to the house, and after his wife's death he had not invited her to be more frequent in her expeditions thither; nor had he shown the slightest inclination to defer to her opinions, and attend to her advice.

Magdalen's visits can hardly have conducted to her own pleasure, so ungracious was her reception when she appeared, except only from Bessie, who was too tender-hearted to be unkind, unconciliatory to any one. Anthony senior regarded and spoke of his sister as an old and stupid harridan, and the younger Anthony took his tone from his father, and did not accord to his aunt the respect that was due to relationship and age.

Although one of her periodical visits to Hall usually brought on Magdalen a rebuff, yet she did not desist from them, partly because it satisfied her curiosity to see how matters fared in the old house, and partly, if not chiefly, because she gave herself in Tavistock considerable airs as the sister of the Squire of Hall, and she liked to appear to her neighbours as if on the best of terms with her kindred there.

Magdalen had never been pretty. Her's was one of those nondescript faces which Nature turns out when inventive faculty is exhausted, and she produces a being, much as a worn-out novelist writes a tale, because she is expected to be productive, though she has nothing but hackneyed features to produce. Of her face may be said to have resembled a modern hymn-tune that is made up of strains out of a score of older melodies muddled together, and void of individual character. Magdalen had, however, not a suspicion that her personal appearance was unattractive. If she had not been sought in marriage, that was due wholly to the inadequate manner in which she had been provided for by her father's will; he had, she held, sacrificed her to his ambition to make a rich man of Anthony.

She was a short, shapeless woman, with a muddy complexion and sandy hair, now turning grey, and therefore looking as if it were full of dust. Her eyes were faded, so were the lashes. She had bad teeth, and when she spoke she showed them a great deal more than was necessary. Any one conversing with her for the first time found nothing in her to notice except these teeth, and carried away from the interview no other recollection of her than one of—teeth.

She made a point of being well-dressed when she made her periodical visits to Hall, to show her consequence, and to let her brother see that she held herself in condition equal to his pretensions.

When she learned that her nephew and niece were not at Hall, but had gone to the moor for the day to watch the fires, and to endeavour to recover some colts that had been turned out on it by old Cleverdon, she expressed her satisfaction to her brother.

"It is as well, Tony," she said, "for I want to have a talk with you; I am thinking—"

"What? Talk first and think after? That is the usual way," said Cleverdon, rudely.

Magdalen tossed her chin. She did not think it prudent to notice and resent her brother's courtesy. She was not likely to gain much by flattering or humouring him; but to quarrel with him was against her wishes.

"Really, Tony, I have your interests so much at heart—"

"I never asked you to cupboard them there; but, if they be there, turn the key on them, and let them abide where they are."

"You are clever and witty—that every one knows—and you like to snap your lock under my eyes and make me wince as the sparks fly out; but I know very well there is no powder in the barrel, and I do not mind. You really must attend to me, brother. There and I do not mind. You really must attend to me, brother. There has been so much small-pox about, and it has been so fatal, that upon my word, as a woman, you should lend me your ear."

"What has the small-pox to do with my interests?"

"Much. Have you made your will, or a settlement of the property?"

"What now!" exclaimed Anthony Cleverdon roughly. "You came to scare me with thoughts of small-pox, and want me to draw my will and provide for you?"

"About that latter point I say nothing, though I do feel that I was ill-treated by my father. You had the kernel and I the rind of the nut."

"I dispute that altogether. You are an incumbrance on the estate that I feel heavily."

"I am likely to encumber it somewhat longer," said Magdalen, not showing resentment at his brutality. "I do not fear the small-pox. I have had it, and it has marked me; though not so as to disfigure. The Lord forbid!"

Observing that her brother was about to make a remark, and being confident that it would be something offensive, she hastily went on: "But what, Tony—what if it were to attack your Anthony? What if it were to take him off? You have but a single son. To whom would Hall go then?"

Old Squire Cleverdon started to his feet, and strode, muttering, about the room.

"Ah! It is a thought to consider. The Knightons have lost their heir, and he was a fine and lusty youth. Our Anthony is so thoughtless: he runs where he lists, and does not consider that he may be near infection. Please the Lord nothing may happen; but suppose that he were carried off, who would have Hall? Bessie?"

"Bessie! Are you mad?" Old Cleverdon put his hands in his breeches-pocket and turned and scowled at his sister.

"No. I reckon Bessie would be put off with scant treatment, like myself. Then, Luke?"

"Luke!" Cleverdon burst out laughing. "Never a parson here in Hall, if I can help it. A shaveling like he—"

"Then, who would have it?"

"Not you, if you are aiming thereat," said Cleverdon.

"I was not aiming at that. Such a prospect never rose before me. I do not want Hall. I could not manage the estate."

"I shall take care you have not the chance."

"I have no doubt you will. But consider what are the accidents of life. If you were to lose Anthony—"

"But I shall not. Anthony is flourishing, and not a thought of small-pox, or the falling sickness, or the plague about him. He is sound as a bell; so have done with your croak, you raven. I will call up the servants and have in dinner. You can eat, I suppose?"

"Yes, I can eat, and digest your unkindness; but I cannot forget my anxiety. I am considering the welfare of the family. I am looking beyond myself and yourself. You have raised the Cleverdons from being tenant-farmers into being gentlefolks. You have been to the Heralds to grant you a coat of arms and a crest, and now every one calls you the Squire, who used to call your father a farmer. You have altered Hall into a very handsome mansion, that no gentleman of good degree need be ashamed to live in. I consider all that, brother, and then I think that you are no fool, that you have wonderful wits to have achieved so much, and I am only anxious lest after having achieved so much for the family and the name of Cleverdon, all should go down again, as it did with the Glanvilles—just because there was no heir male."

"Have done with your croak—here comes dinner."

During the meal old Anthony was very silent. He pulled long and often at the tankard, and neglected the courtesies due to his sister as a guest. She observed that he was uneasy, and was wrapped in thought. What she had said had stuck, and made him uncomfortable. She was too shrewd to revert to the topic during

THE GRAPHIC

dinner, and when it was over he went out, and left her alone. She knew her brother's ways, his moods, and the turns of his mind, and was convinced that he would come back to her presently and broach anew the subject.

She leaned back in the arm-chair, and indulged herself in a nap. The doze lasted about three-quarters of an hour. Whilst she slept her brother was walking about the farm, in great restlessness of mind and body. He was quick-witted enough to see that Magdalen was right. He could not count on matters not falling out as she had said, and then all his labour to build up the Cleverdons would come down like a pack of cards. His son was the main prop of the great superstructure raised by his pride and ambition. If his son, by the dispensation of Providence, were to fail him, he had none to sustain the succession save his daughter Bessie and his cousin Luke, a delicate, narrow-chested lad, who had been an encumbrance thrown on him, had been reared by him, and sent to school by him, and then thrust into sacred Orders as the simplest way of providing for him, and getting him out of the way. Hell to pass to Bessie or to Luke! The idea was most distasteful to him.

He returned to the oak parlour, where he had left his sister, and shook her till she roused from her nap.

"Sit up—gather your senses! You do not come here to sleep like a frog," said old Anthony with his wonted rudeness.

"I beg pardon, brother. I was left alone, and had nought to occupy my mind, and dozed for a minute."

"I say to you, Mawdline!"—Squire Cleverdon paced the room with his hands knotted behind his back, writhing with the inward agitation of his nerves—"I tell you, Mawdline, that you did not come here to scare me about small-pox without some design lurking behind. Let me hear it. You have emptied the pepper-box, now for the salt-box."

"I do not know anything of a design behind," answered Magdalen, rallying her scattered senses, and then plunging into the main communication with less caution than if she had been fully awake; "but I think, brother, you should get them both married as quickly as you may."

"Both I—what Anthony and Bess?"

"To be sure. Anthony might take Julian at any time; and for Bessie—"

Cleverdon laughed. "I never heard that Bessie had a gallant as yet, and she never had good looks to lure one. If Tony takes a wife, that is sufficient."

"No, brother, it is hardly sufficient. He might, if he married, chance to have no children. Besides, it is well to have alliances on all sides. If only I had married—"

"Fernando Crymes," muttered her brother. "You tried hard for him before he took his first wife."

Magdalen tossed and shook her head. "You indeed misunderstand me. You try to provoke me, brother; but I will not be provoked. I am too desirous to advance the family to be browbeaten by you and forced to hold silence. Elizabeth is getting forward in years, and she might be the means of alliance to a good family that would help to give ours firmer hold in the position it has won. There is Anthony Crymes, for instance."

"What!—Fox for Bessie? This is sheer folly."

"Yes, Fox. What against him?"

"Nay, naught other against him, save that he does not lay his fancy to Bessie."

"I am not certain of that. Why else has he rid this day to the moor? He has not gone for love of his sister, that all the world knows. Now see this, brother Tony. If you was to marry Anthony to Julian and Bessie to Fox, then you would be close allied to one of the best families of the country-side, and he who would lift a word against you would rouse all the Crymes that remain. They were not unwilling to draw to us, or else why did Squire Crymes bid you to be his son's godfather? Fox will not be rich, but he will have something from his father, and that will be enough with what you let Bessie have to make them do well. Then, if there come a family of children on either side, it is well, for there will be a large kindred in the district; and if there be none on one side, but only on the other, then what property there is, this way or that, does not fall out of the family."

"If Bessie is to be married, we might look elsewhere for one richer."

"Where will you look? Who among the neighbours is old enough or young enough? Some are over her age. You would not give her to Master Solomon Gibbs. Some be too young and hot-blooded to care for her, not very well favoured, and without much wealth."

Old Anthony stood still before the window, and looked out.

"Then," said Magdalen, "there's another side of the matter to be considered. What if Bessie should set her heart on some one of whom you would not approve?"

Old Anthony laughed mockingly. "Not much chance of that, I reckon."

"Do you reckon?" asked his sister, with some heat. "Yes, you men do make up your minds that we spinsters have no hearts, go through no trials, because you do not see them. As our love is not proclaimed on the house-tops, you assume that it does not exist in the secret chambers of the heart. If you are forced to admit that there is such a thing in us, you suppose it may be killed with ridicule, as you put salt on weeds. As for your own headlong, turbulent passions, they brook no control, they are irresistible, but we poor women must smother our fires as if always illicit, like a chimney in a blaze that must be choked out with damp straw stuffed in. You men never consider us. You permit a pretty girl to love, and you consider her feelings somewhat—just somewhat; but it never occurs to your wise heads, but shallow thoughts, that the plain faces and the ordinary-favoured girls may have hearts as tender and susceptible as those who are regarded as beauties. Now, as to Bessie—"

"Well, what as to Bessie?" asked Anthony roughly. He knew that his sister was lightly lifting the corner of a veil that covered her past, and he knew how that, by a little generosity on his part, he might have made it possible for her to marry.

"As to Bessie," resumed Magdalen, "I can only speak what I suspect. I have thought for some time that she was fond of her cousin."

"What—of Luke?"

"Of Luke, certainly...."

Old Anthony turned angrily on her, and said, "A pack of folly! He is her cousin."

"I said so. Does that prevent her liking him? Have you aught against that?"

"Everything. I will not hear of her marrying a pigeon-breasted, starving curate. I will speak to her."

"If you meddle you will mar. Take a woman's advice, and say not a word."

"Then be silent on this matter."

"If you marry Tony," said his sister, "what are you going to do with Elizabeth? Fernando Crymes has Kilworthy for his life, so that the young people will, I doubt not, live here; and Julian will no more let Bessie remain than would your Margaret suffer me."

"She shall abide here as I choose it."

"No, indeed. You may will it; but women's wishes, when they go contrary, can make bad storm in the house, and spoil it as a port of peace. You take my counsel and mate the twain together—the one to Julian and the other to Fox."

"Pshaw!" said the old man, turning away from the window. "Because I was godfather to Fox, it does not follow that he wants to be my son."

Then the old man came over to the table that stood near his sister, seated himself, and began to trifle with a snuff-box upon it.

"I shall not part with Bess," he said, "till Tony is matched."

"Then let him be matched with speed," said Magdalen sharply. "How know you but that, if you delay, Julian Crymes may turn her fancy elsewhere. She is a wayward hussy."

"Pshaw! Where is there such a lad as my Tony? He is the chieftest of all the youths about. Not one can compare with him. Are you mad to think of such a thing?"

"There is no reckoning on a maid's eyes: they do not see like ours. Moreover, there is no saying what freak might take your Tony, and he might set his mind on some one else."

"No fear of that," answered the squire roughly. "He knows my will, and that is law to him."

"Indeed! Since when? I thought the cockerel's whimsies and vagaries set the law to the house; and that you, and Bess, and every one of the family danced to such tune as he whistled."

"I reckon he knows his own interests," said the old man grimly. He was angered by his sister's opposition.

"None can trust to that in young men," answered his sister, "as you ought best to know, brother."

Old Anthony winced, and became purple at this allusion to his own marriage. He started up, struck the snuff-box across the table, then seated himself again, and said grimly: "I asked you, sister, if you could eat and digest a good wholesome dinner, and I gave it to you; but by Heaven, you have come here and fed me with unwholesome and unsavoury diet that I cannot digest, and that gives me a worry and heartburn. I wish you had never come."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE HARE AND HOUNDS

IN the tavern with the sign of the Hare and Hounds, a fire of peat was burning on the hearth. A huge oak settle occupied the side of the fireplace opposite to the window, and beneath and before the window was a long table, the end of which admitted of being drawn out so as to make it serve as a shuffle-board for the use of such as liked to play at that game so popular in the reign of Elizabeth, illicit in the time of the Commonwealth, and at the epoch of my story almost obsolete, except in stray corners remote from fashion.

The settle was of a construction then usual, now rarely met with, and therefore deserving a description as a domestic curiosity. The seat was on hinges, and could be raised, disclosing beneath it a cavity like a clothes chest; the settle back opened in compartments and revealed sides of bacon and hams that had been smoked, and there awaited cutting up. Above the heads of those who sat in the settle was a sort of projecting roof to cut off all down draught; but this also served as a cupboard for vinegar, salt, spices, and other groceries. The chest, that was also seat, was of extraordinary service to a mother with an infant, when she was engaged at the fire, baking or cooking, she raised the lid or seat and buttoned it back, then she planted the babe in the box, where it lay warm and secure, close to her, without the chance of coming to harm. If the child were in the age of toddlehood, then it ran up and down in the box with the little hands on the edge, saw its mother, crowded to her, watched her proceedings, and ran no risk of falling into the fire, or of pulling over and breaking the crockery. Altogether, the settle was a great institution, and the march of culture, instead of improving it, has abolished it. More is the pity.

The fireplace was of granite uncarved, but rudely chamfered, very wide and very deep, so deep as to allow of a seat recessed in the wall at the side, in which a chilly old man might sit and toast his knees, protected from the down draught and falling soot by the arched roof of the recess. It used to be said of one of these great fireplaces, in which wood and peat were burned, that a necessary accompaniment was an old man and a pair of tongs, for the logs when burnt through in the midst fell apart, and required some one at hand to pick the ends up, and reverse them on the hearth, and to collect and repile the turfs when they fell down. At the fire-breast burnt what was called a "spane," that is, a slip of deal steeped in resin, which lighted the housewife at her operations at the fire. But the "spane" emitted more smoke than light. Opposite to the ingle-nook was the "cloam" oven, that is, the earthenware oven let into the wall for baking.

In more ancient times ovens were constructed with enormous labour out of granite blocks, which were scooped out in the middle, but the disadvantage attendant on granite was that it became in time resolved into sand by heat, and crumbled away like sugar.* These were rapidly got rid of when the earthenware oven was introduced, and hardly a specimen remains. Not so, however, with the stone frying-pan, which is only just, and not altogether, superseded. Housewives contend that the iron pan is not so good at frying as the scooped-out pan of stone, and that rashes of bacon done in the latter are incomparably superior to those burnt in iron. Thus, it will be seen that in the West we are only recently, in some particulars, emerging from the Stone Age, but it is with a leap over that of Bronze into the era of Iron.†

The walls of the "mug-house" of the Hare and Hounds were well white-washed and ornamented with a quantity of broadside ballads, the illustrations very generally bearing no intelligible relation to the letterpress.

A single rush-candle, burning on the table, served to light the room. The servant-wench was expected to act as snuffer, and she regularly at intervals of ten minutes left the work on which she was engaged, cooking, washing, drawing ale, and like the comet that sweeps up to and about the sun, and then dashes back into obscurity, so did she rush up to the candle, snuff the wick between forefinger and thumb, and plunge back to the work on which she was engaged, at the fire, in the back-kitchen, or in the cellar.

At the fire and about the table were seated Anthony Cleverdon, Fox Crymes, the host of the Hare and Hounds, Mr. Solomon Gibbs, also a quaint old grey-haired man in sorry garb, and a couple of miners from the moor.

At the time of the tale, and, indeed for a century after, it was customary for men of all classes to meet at the ale-house, parson and Squire, surgeon, farmer, and peasant, comrades all in merry-making—and at that period there was no social-democracy, no class-hatreds—how could there be, when all classes met, and gossiped, and smoked, and boozed together? No good thing comes without bringing a shadow after it. Perhaps it is well that parson and Squire do not now go to the tavern to take pipe and glass with yeoman and ploughboy, but—the misfortune is that there has come class-alienation, along with this social amelioration of the better sort.

Mr. Solomon Gibbs was at the table. He had occupied the corner of the settle all the afternoon, searching for his niece in the bottom of his tankard, but after awhile, as evening wore on, he declared he felt the heat too greatly by the fire, and then withdrew to the table. In fact, when occupying the settle, his can of ale had stood on a three-legged stool between his feet, and whenever he

* Such a granite-oven was discovered in the author's own house in an old and long-abandoned chimney-back, in 1886. It was impossible to preserve it.

† Two such stone frying-pans are to be seen in the Museum at Launceston. The one was given by a gentleman from his kitchen, where it had been long in use, the other was found among the ruins of Trecarrel—probably coeval with the buildings, the middle of the sixteenth century.

lusted after a drink he was obliged to stoop to take it up. As the ale got into his head, he found that this stooping produced a fulness of the veins that made him giddy, and he had fallen forward once on his hands, and upset the stool and his ale. Then he deemed it advisable to retire to the table, but as men never give direct and true reasons for their proceedings, he explained to those who were present that—

"There was thunder in the air, and when there was, he was liable to fits of giddiness; moreover, the heat of the fire was insufferable."

His wig was very much awry; underneath it was a strong stubby growth, for Mr. Gibbs had not had his head shaved for a fortnight. His mulberry coat was much stained with ale, and the elbows were glossy.

The old man in the threadbare coat occupied a chair near the table, and he stood up, turned his eyes to the ceiling, extended his arms rigidly before him, planted his legs apart, and began to sing a song at that time exceedingly popular, "The Catholic Cause;" his voice ranging through an extensive scale, from bass to falsetto.

O the Catholic Cause! now assist me, sweet Muse,
How earnestly I do desire thee!
Faith I will not go pray to St. Bridget to-day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

The singer was interrupted by a groan from all in the room, and a shout from Mr. Solomon Gibbs, "Calvinist Geneva and Hollands for me! Catholic French Claret is thin—deuced thin liquor!"

Then the Church shall bear sway, the State shall obey,
Which in England will be a new wonder!
Commons, Nobles, and Kings, and Temporal things
Shall submit, and shall truckle under!

The miners jumped to their feet, and began to swear that they'd rather be crushed in their adits than live to see that day.

"Things are coming fair on towards it, sure as the clouds have been rolling up, and portending a thunderstorm," said the host.

"Ah!" growled Solomon; "give the Devil his due. Old Noll, who didn't sit by right Divine, knew how to make Britain free and honoured."

"No Dutch in the Medway, then! No burning of Spithead, and His Majesty's fleet under His Majesty's nose," said the old singer.

"Tis a pity," said one of the men present, "that there were not a few more drowned on the Lemon and Ore than those who did. Nay, rather, that certain who escaped should not have sunk, and such as drowned should not have escaped."

This had reference to a sandbank near Yarmouth, on which the frigate bearing the Duke of York had struck, when about a hundred and thirty persons were drowned.

"Here!" called Sol Gibbs. "Here's bad luck to Lemon and Ore for doing the work so foully!" and he put his jug of ale to his lips.

"Lemon and Ore," said each who drank, "better luck next time."

"Folks do say," put in the landlord, "that the King, God bless him, was really married to Lucy Walters. If that be so, why then the Duke of Monmouth should be King after him." Then he shook his head, and added, "But, Lord! I know nought about such matters."

"Here's a health to the Protestant Duke!" said the miners, and looked about them. "Now, my masters! Won't all drink to the Protestant Duke?"

"To be sure I will—drink to any one," said Solomon Gibbs.

"Why should he not have married her?" asked the singer. "Didn't the Duke of York marry Mistress Ann Hyde? And Lucy Walters was a gentlewoman every whit as much. When the Duke of Monmouth was born, then His Majesty was Prince Charles, in France, with small chance of coming to his own again; for Old Noll was then in full flower, and making the earth quake at the name of England."

"When the Duke of Savoy was persecuting the Protestants, did not Old Noll hold up his finger, and at the sight of his nail the Duke stayed his hands," said Anthony Cleverdon. "By the Lord! If it had been in my time, I would have drawn the sword for them."

"When all the giants are dead, every Tom Thumb boasts he would have been a Jack of Cornwall," sneered Fox Crymes.

"What is that you say?" asked Anthony, holly.

"I was merely saying that it ill becomes a man of spirit to boast of what he would have done had things been other than they are."

"Do you mean to hint that I am a coward?"

"I hinted nothing of the sort. I made a general observation. If the time should come when your sword would be wanted to sustain the Protestant cause, I make no doubt that you will be ready to prop it up—or the point."

"No quarrels here," shouted Solomon Gibbs; then he sang:—

Let nothing but harmony reign in your breast,
Let comrade with comrade be ever at rest.
We'll toss off our bumper, together we'll troll,
Give me the punch-ladle—I'll fathom the bowl.

Then he called to the united assembly, "What say you all—shall we have a punch bowl?" *Nem. con.* Carried. That is it which lacked to establish sweetest concord. Landlord! Bring us the needful, and we'll brew.

From France cometh brandy, Jamaica gives rum,
Sweet oranges, lemons from Portugal come,
Of ale and good cyder we'll also take toll,
Give me the punch-ladle—I'll fathom the bowl.

The host called to his wife to produce the requisite ingredients, and went in quest of the ladle, which he kept upstairs, as it had a silver piece of Charles I. let into it.

"I ax," said one of the miners, throwing out his arm as if proclaiming defiance, "how it came about that London was burnt? Warn't them Poperies seen a doing of it—a firing it in several places?"

"And Sir Edmonbury Godfrey—weren't he cruelly and bloodily murdered by 'em?" asked the second.

"Ay! and whose doing is it that that worthy gentleman, my Lord Russell, has been done to death? That every one knows. 'Tis said the Earl of Bedford offered a hundred thousand pounds to save his life; but the Catholic Duke would not hear of his being spared. And the Duke of York will be King after his present Gracious Majesty. By heaven! I would draw sword for the Protestant Duke and swear to his legitimacy."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Fox Crymes, "if this sort of talk is going on here, I'm off and away. If you are not speaking treason, you go pretty n

THE GRAPHIC

"Now then, landlord! Where's the lemons? Bless my soul, not going to make us drink unlemoned punch? As well as a King without a Crown or a parson without a gown."

Your wives they may flutter as much as they please—Haven't got one, I'm thankful—a sister don't count—Let 'em scold, let 'em grumble, we'll sit at our ease. In the ends of our pipes we'll apply a hot coal. Give me the punch-ladle—I'll fathom the bowl.

the lemons at last? Where's a silver knife to cut them? Bless my soul! How it rains! I thank Providence the is without, and the spirit is within." said the yeoman.

his rain will douse the fires on the moor," laughed "had you gone out in it just now, shocked at our

"you," sneered Fox, "you took good care to say nothing. were wise not to come within seeing distance with a pair of

five glasses of Tyburn gallows, where men have been hung, hewed, and drawn for less offence than some of the words

to-night?" "no more of this," shouted Mr. Solomon Gibbs, "I am

ent here. Where the punch-bowl is, there is a president, wave my sceptre, this ladle, and enforce abstention from

and all such scurvy subjects. You began it, Taverner, with

amiable ballad of the Catholic cause, and you shall be served

Comrades! 'To the King, God bless him!' And the Protestant cause!" shouted Taverner.

And His Majesty swore to maintain," said the

"politics!" cried Mr. Gibbs, "or, curse it, I'll throw the

out of the door. I will, I swear I will. Taverner, give us

something cheerful—something with no politics in it to set us all

ears." "I give you something suitable to the evening, Mr.

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night some years ago. "Twas in Peter Tavy, too—it came about he'd been to the buryin' of his uncle's mother's sister's aunt, and, as he said hisself, never enjoyed hisself more at a buryin'. There was plenty o' saffron cake and cyder, and some bottles of real old Jamaica rum, mellow—Lor' bless you—soft and mellow as a cat's paw. He lived, did my grandfather, at Horndon, and it were a night much such as this. My granfer had rather a deal stayed wi' the corpse, but he was a mighty strict and scrupulous old man, and he knew that his wife—my grandmother as was—would expect him home about—well, I can't say for sartain, but, anyhow, some hours afore daybreak. Us poor sellers in this world o' misery and trial can't a'ways have what we desires, so my grandfather had to sacrifice hisself on the altar of dooty, and not bide with the corpse and the Jamaica rum, not to mention the saffron cake. "T'es surprising, gentlemen," said Farmer Cudlip, looking round at Cleverdon, Crymes, and Solomon Gibbs, "t'es surprising now, when you come to reckon up, how soon one comes to the end o' eating cake, and yet, in Jamaica rum, and punch—I thank' kindly, Mr. Gibbs, to fill me the glass. Thanky', sir!—As I was saying, in drink one's capacity is, I should say, boundless as the rolling ocean. Ain't it now, Mr. Gibbs?"

"Ah! Solomon the Wise never said a truer word," answered Solomon the Foolish.

"T'es curious, when you come to consider now," said the farmer; "for meat and drink both goes the same way and into the same receptacle; yet how soon one is grounded on cake, but can float, and float—I thank you, Mr. Gibbs, my glass is empty—float for ever in liquor."

"We should like to hear what your grandfather did," said Cleverdon, laughing.

"What he did? Why he sat down," said Cudlip. "After leaving the house of tears and bereavement, he was going home, and was very tired, his legs began to give way under him. And as he came along by the wall o' Peter Tavy Church, sez he to hisself, 'Why dash me if it bain't St. Mark's Eve, and many a time have I heard tell that they as wait on that eve in the church porch is sure to see go by in at the door all they that is sure to die in the rest o' the year.' Well, gentlemen, my grandfather, he knew he was a bit late, and thought his wife—my grandmother—wouldn't take it over kindly, so he thinks if he could bring her a bit of rare news, she'd mebbe forgive him. And, gentlemen, what more rare news could he bring than a tale of who was doomed to die within the year? So he went in at the churchyard-gate, and straight—that is to say as straight as his legs, which weren't quite equal, could take him—to the porch, and there, on the side away from the wind, he sat hisself down."

"I wouldn't have done it," said one of the miners, nudging his fellow; "would thou, Tummas?"

"Not I," responded his comrade. "If it had been the Lyke Way, that's different. I'd walk that any night. But to go under a roof, in the churchyard—it were tempting o' Providence."

"Go on with your story," said Solomon Gibbs. "Those that interrupt lose a turn of filling from the bowl."

"Well then," continued Cudlip, "my grandfather was seated for some time in the porch, and uncommon dark it was, for there are a plenty of trees in the churchyard, and the night was dirty, and the sky covered with clouds. How long he sat there, I cannot tell, but long enough to get uneasy, not that he was afraid, bless your souls, of what he might see, but uneasy at being there so long, and seeing nothing, so that he must go home to my grandmother without a word o' explanation or information that might pacify her, should she be inclined to be troublesome. Just as he was about to

get up, in a mighty bad temper, and to go home, cursing the fools who had got up the tale of St. Mark's Eve, why looking along the avenue in the yard, what should he see but some curious long white things, like monstrous worms, crawling and tumbling, and making for the church porch. You will understand, gentlemen, that my grandfather thought he would do better to wait where he was, partly, because he did not wish to pass these worm-like creatures, but, chiefly, that he might have something to report to his missus, to make her placable and agreeable."

"But what where they?" asked Anthony Cleverdon.

"I'll tell you, Master Anthony. They was human arms, from

the shoulder, walking of themselves; first they laid along from

shoulder to elbow, then the hand from elbow forward lifted itself

and looked about, and then came down flat on the palm, and lifted

all the hinder part from the elbow joint till it stood upright, and

then turned a somersault, and so on again, two steps, as it were, and

then a somersault; a curious sort of proceeding, I take it."

"Very," said Crymes, with a sneer.

"There was about nine of 'em coming along, some fast as if racing each other, some slow, but creeping on, and overtaking the others that was going too fast, and fell over on the elbow joint, when up went hand and shoulder kicking in the air like a beetle on his back. My grandfather felt that now sartainly he'd have news to tell his old woman. Presently a lot of the arms was about the step to the church porch, shy like, not knowing whether to come in or no—some standing up on the shoulder and poking the hands in, some curlin' of themselves up on the step, as a-going to sleep, and some staggering about anyways. At last one of the boldest of them

made a jump, and came down on my grandfather's knee, and sat there, with the shoulder part on his knee, like as a limpet fastens on a rock, or the end of a barnacle on a log of wood, and there it sat and curled itself about, and turned the hand just as if it saw out of the nails—which was very white, and served as eyes. It was curious, my grandfather said, to see the fingers curling one over the other, just as a fly preens its wings. My granfer couldn't make it out at first, till at last he saw it was pulling and picking at a gold ring on the last finger but one. It was a very broad ring—and ring on the last finger but one. It was a brown arm, too, and not in a slow and clumsy fashion. 'Twas a brown arm, too, and not white, like Madam Cake's; and the hand was big, and broad, and hairy, and it turned itself over and showed the palm; and then it held up one finger after another, which was all covered with warts. Then my granfer said, "Lor' bless and deliver! but this be the hand of Ploughman Gale!" And, sure enough, I reckon it was. It seemed quite satisfied, and folded itself up, and made a spring like a cricket—went out of sight to the church door."

"I should like to know how your grandfather saw all this," said Anthony Cleverdon, "if it was, as you say, a dark night, and it was in the church porch?"

"No interfering!" exclaimed Mr. Gibbs. "You've forfeited.

Here's your glass, Master Cudlip. Go on."

"There's not much more to be said," continued the yeoman. "One or two more arms came on, and granfer said there was a sight o' difference in their ways: some was pushing like, and others rayther hung back, and seemed to consider forward; and others rayther hung back, and seemed to consider

small bones of themselves. Now it was a fact that all those he saw and named belonged to folks as died within the year, and in the very order in which they came on and presented themselves before him. What puzzled him most to name was two baby-arms—party little things they was—and he had to count over all the young children in the parish before he could tell which they was. At last, up came a long, lean, old, dry arm, tossing its hand in a short, quick, touchy fashion, and went up on granfer's knee without so much as a 'By your leave.' And there it sat, and poked its hand about, w' all the fingers joined together like a pointed serpent's head. It moved in a queer, irritable, jerky manner that was familiar, somehow, to my grandfather. After a bit he put his head down to look at the elbow, where he fancied he saw a mole, when—crack!—the hand hit him on his cheek such a blow, that he tumbled over, and lay sprawling on the pavement; and he knew, by the feel of the hand as it caught him, that it was—my grandmother's. When he had picked himself up, he saw nothing more, so he went home. You may be very sure of two things, gentlemen—[Thank you, Mr. Gibbs, I'll trouble you to fill my glass. Talking has made me terrible dry]—he never told his missus that Madam Cake's arm had sat on his knee, nor that he had seen and recognised her own arm and hand."

"I wouldn't go on this night to the church porch, not for a king's crown," said one of the miners. "Did not your grandfather suffer for his visit?"

"Well," answered the yeoman, "I reckon he did ever after feel a sort o' cramp in his knees—particularly in wet weat'er, where the arms had sat—but what was that to the relief? My grandmother died that same year."

"I wouldn't go there for any relief you might name," said the miner again, who was greatly impressed by the story. "I've heard the pixies hammering down in the mines, but I think naught of them. As for the Lyke Way, what goes over that is but shadows."

"Some folks are afraid of shadows," said Fox, "and don't think themselves safe unless they have at least a woman with them for protection."

"You are again levelling at me," exclaimed Anthony Cleverdon. "I have no fear either of shadows or substances. If you choose to come out and try with me, you will see that I am not afraid of your arm, and that I can chastise your tongue."

"O! my arm!" laughed Crymes. "I never supposed for a moment you dreaded that. But it is the arms without bodies moving like worms in the churchyard at Peter Tavy on this St. Mark's Eve you are more likely to dread."

"I am not afraid of them," retorted Cleverdon.

"So you say; but I do not think you seem inclined to show you are not."

"Do you dare me to it?"

"I don't care whether you go or not. If you do, who is to stand surety for you that you go where I say—to the churchyard of Peter Tavy?"

"One of you can come and see."

"There!" laughed Fox, "crying off already! Afraid to go alone, and appealing for company."

"By heaven, this is too bad," cried Anthony, and started to his feet.

"Don't go," shouted Mr. Solomon Gibbs. "It's folly, and break up of good company."

"There's good company with Fox Crymes girding at me at every minute. But, by heaven, I will not be jeered at as a coward. Fox has dared me to go to Peter Tavy churchyard, and go I will—alone, moreover."

"No such thing," said the host; "it is too bad a night. Stay here and help finish this brew; we'll have another bowl, if Mr. Solomon approves—and Mr. Cudlip."

"I will go," said Anthony, thoroughly roused, and rendered doubly excitable by the punch he had been drinking.

"You have done wrong to spur him," said Gibbs, addressing Crymes.

"Faith! I am a sceptic," said Fox. "I disbelieve altogether in the walking arms, and I shall be glad to learn from a credible witness whether the same be a mere fiction and fancy, or have any truth in it. Master Cudlip's grandfather lived a long time ago."

"I do not believe in it either," said Cleverdon; "but although I did I would not now be deterred. Fox casts his gibes at me, and I will show him that I have metal enough to make such a trifling venture as this."

He threw on his cloak, grasped his long walking-stick, and went out into the storm. A furious gale was sweeping about the little hamlet of Cudlip town, where stood the tavern. It was not possible to determine from which quarter the wind came, it so eddied about the inn and the open space before it. Anthony stood against the wall outside for a moment or two till his eyes accustomed themselves somewhat to the dark. Every few moments the glare of lightning in the sky illuminated the rocky ridges of White Tor and Smeardun, under which Cudlip Town lay, and the twisted thorns and oaks among blocks of granite that strewed the slopes before the three or four old farmhouses that where clustered about the inn.

Then Anthony, having satisfied himself as to his direction, set down his head against the wind, and strode forward, with his staff feeling the way. On his right, below in this valley, roared the Tavy, but the song of the water was mixed up with that of the wind so inextricably that Anthony, had he tried it, could not have distinguished the roar of one from that of the other. The lane was between stone walls and hedges of half stone and half earth, in summer adorned with magnificent foxgloves. For a while the rain slackened, and where the walls were high Anthony had some shelter against the wind. Peter Tavy Church lay outside the village, and he would reach it without passing another house.

The principal fury of the storm seemed to be concentrated over White Tor, a lofty peak of trap rock fortified in prehistoric times, and with beacons and cairns of angular fragments piled up within the enclosure. In one place a huge fang of black rock stood upright, and was split by lightning, with a block of basalt fallen into the cleft, where it swung among the rocks. Over the cairns and embankments the thunder-cloud flamed white, and threw out dazzling fire-bolts. Anthony stood one moment, looking up at the Tor; it was as though the spirits of the air were playing at tossball there with thunderbolts. Then he again pushed forward. The wind, the cold—after the warmth of the tavern and the spirits he had drunk—confused his brain, and though he was not intoxicated, yet he was not judge of his actions. At the next explosion of the electric fluid he saw before him the granite tower of the church, and the trees in the churchyard bare of leaves.

Those in the tavern became grave and silent for a moment after Anthony left.

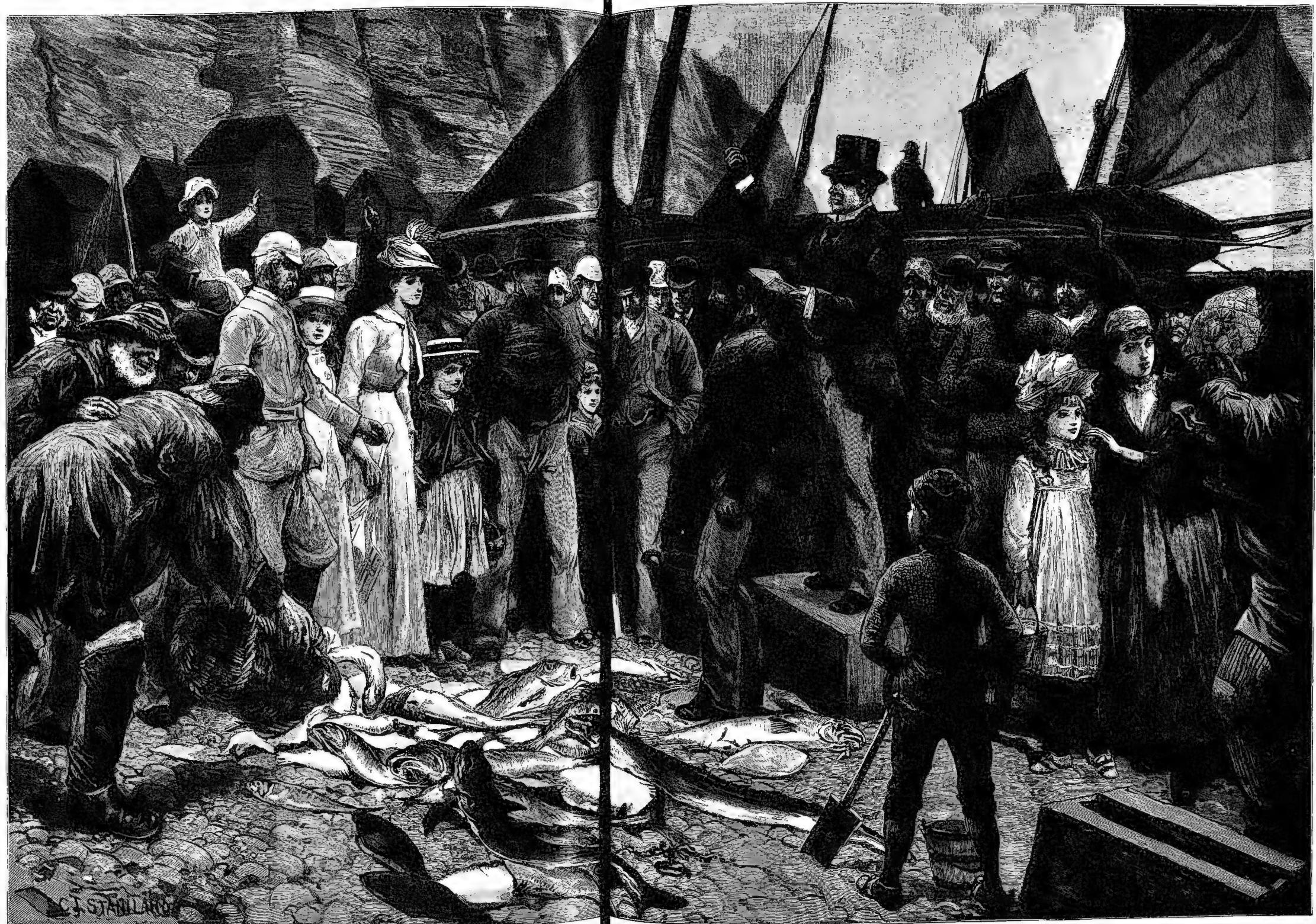
"It is a folly," said one of the miners; "it is tempting heaven."

"I don't care whether he sees aught or not," said Cudlip; "my grandfather's story is true. It don't follow because Anthony Cleverdon comes back having seen nothing that my grandfather told an untruth. Who can tell? perhaps nobody in the parish will die this year. If there is to be no burials, then no arms will be walking."

"I hope he's not gone the wrong road and tumbled into the river," said Solomon Gibbs.

"I'll tell you what he will do," said Fox. "He will let us sit expecting his return all night, and he will quietly take himself off to Hall, and laugh at us for our folly to-morrow."

"Not he," said the innkeeper; "that's not the way with Master



SELLING FISH ON THE BEACH, HASTINGS
BY G. J. STANILAND, R.I.

THE GRAPHIC

Cleverdon. You might have done that, and we should not ha' been surprised."

"I would have done it, most assuredly. If Tony does not, then he is more of a fool than I took him. He loves a bit of brag as much as another, and with brag he went forth."

"There is no brag in him," said Taverner, the ballad-singer.

"Every one knows what Anthony Cleverdon is; if he says he will do a thing, he will do it. If we wait long enough, he will return from the churchyard."

"Or say he has been there."

"If he says it, we will believe him—all but you, Mr. Crymes, who believe in nobody and nothing."

"Now, we have had threats of quarrel already more than once; I must stop this," said Solomon Gibbs. "Storm outside is sufficient. Let us have calm within over the sea of punch."

"Oh!" said Fox, contemptuously, "I don't quarrel with old Taverner; no man draws save against his equal."

"Punch! more punch!" shouted Gibbs. "Landlord, we are come to the gravel. And, Taverner! give us a song, but not one so dismal as 'My Lady's Coach.' That set us about speaking of St. Mark's Eve, and sent Cleverdon on this crazy adventure."

"What shall I sing?" asked the songman, but he did not wait for an answer. He stood up and began:—

Oh! the trees they are so high,
And the leaves they are so green!
The day is past and gone, sweet love,
That you and I have seen.
It is cold winter's night,
You and I must bide alone,
Whilst my pretty lad is young,
And is growing.

The door was burst open, and Anthony entered, with the water pouring off him. He was blinded with the rain that had beat in his face, as he came towards Cudlip town. In his arms he bore something like a log.

"There!" said he, and cast this object on the table, where it struck and shattered the porcelain punchbowl, sending its last contents over the table and the floor.

"There!" shouted Anthony, "will you now believe I have been in the churchyard?"

"By the Lord!" shouted Solomon Gibbs, "this is past a joke. This is a mortal insult."

That which Anthony had cast on the table was one of the oak posts which marked the head of a grave, square, with a sort of niche and knob on the top. Such a post as was put up by those who could not afford granite tombstones.

"It is an insult! It is an outrage!" roared Gibbs, "look there!" He pointed to the inscription on the post—it ran thus:—

RICHARD MALVINE,
OF WILSWORTHY, GENT.
(To be continued)



THE revolution now agitating the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC had long been anticipated. It is the direct outcome of the rash financial policy pursued by President Celman and his Ministers, the President's unpopularity being increased still further by suspicions that he was feathering his nest too well. When he thwarted the late Minister of Finance, Signor Uriburu, in his economical projects, the Opposition saw their opportunity, and though a premature attempt at conspiracy was frustrated during the previous week, the rising at Buenos Ayres on Saturday was carried out with full success in the old Spanish style of a military *pronunciamiento*. A body of artillery, aided by civilians and the Union Civica, or Opposition faction, revolted first, and attacked the loyal Government troops and the police. They rapidly gained supporters, and severe street-fighting followed; the insurgents being so successful that they soon occupied most of the Government buildings, released their favourite, General Campos, who had been implicated in the previous plot, and seized several of the Ministry. Meanwhile, President Celman

tion was exhausted, and as the Government, meanwhile, had been strongly reinforced by provincial troops, the insurgent leaders though virtually victorious, were obliged to give way. Some confusion exists respecting the terms of the arrangement, but the official Government report announces that the mutineers laid down their arms and delivered up the arsenal and the fleet, so that the insurrection was crushed. Further, President Celman is stated to have resigned, being replaced by Dr. Pellegrini, the Vice-President. Some fighting continues, however. The foreign colony have been in great alarm. They barricaded their houses, and two British gunboats came into the harbour to protect their compatriots, while the Foreign Representatives instructed the commanders to protest against any naval bombardment as contrary to the rules of war. The telegraphs being cut, it has been most difficult to obtain accurate information, but there seems little doubt that the majority of the Argentines wished honestly for the downfall of the present corrupt Government, especially as the Union Civica were peaceable and upright men, likely to organise a very different Administration.

Whilst South America is thus disturbed, CENTRAL AMERICA fares little better. The quarrel between SAN SALVADOR and GUATEMALA continues most serious, and the rival forces have fought several severe battles, in which the advantage generally lay with the San Salvadorians. Notwithstanding inferior strength, the latter army has won its way to within sixty miles of the Guatemalan capital, where a serious revolt against President Barillas hampers the Government, as the mob are powerful and the troops demoralised. A fruitless attempt was also made to assassinate the President. Little notice is accorded, therefore, to the personal challenge which the President of San Salvador has sent to his fellow ruler, and the Guatemalan Ministry are striving to rally their forces for a decisive blow. HONDURAS would aid Guatemala were she not afraid of revolution at home, while MEXICO is determined to remain neutral and to endeavour to reconcile the combatants.

Europe in general presents a peaceful contrast to these constitutional struggles, for, instead of personal challenges, her chief rulers exchange amicable interviews. Thus GERMANY watches the summer tour of her Emperor with deep interest, hinting that the recent meetings with the Sovereigns of Denmark, and Sweden and Norway, are likely to produce important political fruit in the shape of a great Scandinavian Union. To-day (Saturday) Emperor William meets the King of the Belgians for the first time since his Accession, being entertained at Ostend with much ceremony, while after his visit to England the Emperor goes at once to Russia. He will witness the great Manoeuvres at Narva, afterwards spending a day with the Court at Peterhof. The Russian Press continue their anti-German crusade, much to the wrath of the Teutonic journals, which insist that too much importance should not be attached to the meeting between Emperor and Czar. Their interview will simply strengthen peaceful relations, says a semi-official article in the *North German Gazette*, and will not result in any arrangement at the expense of the Triple Alliance. Before General Caprivi accompanies his master to Russia, he has published his explanation of the Anglo-German Agreement, which is couched in terms of the utmost courtesy towards England. He points out that friendship with England is an absolute necessity, far exceeding the value of any colonial extension. Recapitulating the history of the negotiations, the Chancellor depreciates the worth of the East African concessions, and once more insists upon the great advantage of securing Heligoland. Germany has enough to do with organising her African colonies, he concludes, without requiring further annexations. In the mean time the Government will probably ask England to persuade the Sultan of Zanzibar to lower his excessive demands of compensation for the strip of East African coast to be handed over to the Germans.

FRANCE derives consolation from semi-official hints that the Anglo-French negotiations will result greatly to her benefit, and that her rights to extend her influence to the coveted Lake Tchad will be recognised fully, as well as the Madagascar Protectorate. Two English delegates will come to Paris to discuss the details of the former arrangement. The Deputies are most anxious that M. Ribot should make some definitive statement, but as the Chamber adjourned from Saturday to Thursday, the Foreign Minister was able to evade his tormentors for a few days. Otherwise politics are dull, and Ministers have gone off to the Provinces to watch the manœuvres of the French Fleet in an attack upon Cherbourg, or pay honour to Voltaire by attending the unveiling of his statue at Ferney, the philosopher's home in the Jura. The Orléanists have been trying to revive their cause in Paris, and while photographs of the Duc d'Orléans are hawked about in great numbers, a dinner was also given in the Duc's honour, where the guests drank the health of the "King," and applauded the Duc's telegram stating that his heart had not left the soil of the Fatherland.

TURKEY can no longer conceal the serious agitation among the Armenians, which has now burst out in Constantinople itself. Detailed accounts of their compatriots' sufferings at Erzeroum roused the Armenians in the Turkish capital to turn upon their Patriarch, who has become most unpopular lately through his lukewarmness in the cause. They attacked Monsignor Achikian when he was celebrating Mass in the Cathedral, and a regular riot ensued, during which the Patriarch was beaten severely, and escaped with difficulty to a neighbouring house. Turkish troops then cleared the mob out of the church, many being killed and wounded on both sides, and the quarter of Koom Kapo was put under martial law. However, the excitement is not likely to die away whilst emissaries from the disturbed districts continue to bring news of fresh outrages, and can point to fifty killed and 350 wounded in the Erzeroum affair, besides 100 missing. The Christians' homes were pillaged, and the British Consulate besieged and fired upon by the fanatic Mussulman population. Further, the Armenians have another grievance through the Turkish Government prohibiting Armenian books being used in the churches, while as some of the Kurdish tribes, discontented with Turkish administration, are disposed to fraternise with the oppressed people, the outlook is most unsatisfactory. The Porte dreads lest RUSSIA should interfere, in retaliation for Turkey ignoring the fresh Muscovite protest against the appointment of the Bulgarian Bishops. Bitter disappointment is felt at St. Petersburg that the Sultan dares to defy the Czar. But the Porte had only the choice of two evils, as undoubtedly BULGARIA would have resented a refusal by prompt action. Accordingly the Iرادé appointing two of the Bishops is now published, although the third appointment is delayed, and, thanks to this victory, when Prince Ferdinand returns early next week he will find his Government far more popular and secure than on his departure. SERVIA is as wroth as Russia on the subject, and is eager to stir up strife in Macedonia—no difficult matter in the present disturbed condition of the province, with the Arnauts oppressing the Christians and raiding over the frontier.

The Behring Sea Fishery correspondence between the UNITED STATES and Great Britain, just presented to the House of Representatives, produces very diverse criticism. While Mr. Blaine's supporters exult in his arrogant tone and ingenious arguments, the general public regret that a whole year's negotiations should have brought the dispute no nearer settlement. In the thirty papers, ranging from August 24th, 1889, to July 19th, 1890, Mr. Blaine certainly does not show too much diplomatic courtesy; and many people hint that the Foreign Secretary was as much concerned with the effect of his anti-British attitude on the next Presidential campaign as with the national rights

and welfare. Indeed, the Americans are really anxious to settle the matter, and are most inclined to agree with the *New York Herald*, that the discussion ought "to turn from one of right to one of policy. The interests of both countries will be best served by a satisfactory agreement for the protection of the seals." Meanwhile the Government seems less disposed to act than to argue, for the revenue cutters sent to Behring Sea have received modified orders respecting the British sealers. The catch has been very large this year.—The worst cyclone ever known in New England has passed over South Lawrence in Massachusetts, sweeping a clean path five hundred feet wide. Only three houses were left standing, and many inhabitants were killed and injured.

MISCELLANEOUS.—BELGIUM has accepted her King's gift of the Congo State, the Convention having been accepted by Parliament with only one dissentient voice. France will not oppose the Belgian claims, and King Leopold will contribute 40,000/- annually to the State for the next decade.—RUSSIA anticipates an especially good harvest. A fresh persecution of the Jews has set in, and the unfortunate Hebrews are no longer permitted to live in the country, to follow the legal or medical profession, or to enjoy educational advantages. Fully a million will be expelled from their homes by the new laws.—IN INDIA it is proposed to increase the paper currency reserve, and so add a large sum to the public revenue. The rains continue much above the average, especially in Upper India, while on the Chin-Lushai frontier fog and rain are so incessant that the sickly garrison at Fort White can keep neither clothes nor bedding dry. The officers are disabled, and even those men not in hospital are very weak. Much discontent exists in BURMA because a notorious dacoit who surrendered to a British official on promise of pardon has been sentenced to death, this breach of faith discouraging other rebels from yielding.—IN EGYPT a severe hurricane at Suez has blown down the condenser chimneys, so that the garrison could obtain no water.—Severe fires have occurred in CANADA. Part of the Côte St. Antoine suburb, Montreal, has been burnt down, together with half the village of Minden in Ontario.—The Sultan of ZANZIBAR has witnessed a review of the British Naval Brigade, and was delighted with the spectacle. Mr. Jackson's caravan reached Uganda safely, and found Mwanga securely installed and the population weary of war.—IN SOUTH AFRICA the new Cape Premier has given Parliament notice of a motion regretting that the Cape Government was not consulted respecting the Anglo-German Agreement, and stipulating that the Cape should have a voice in any subsequent arrangement concerning territory south of the Zambezi.



THE various members of the Royal Family are joining the Queen in the Isle of Wight. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family arrived at the end of last week, followed, on Saturday, by Princess Louise, Lord Lorne and the daughters of Princess Christian, while the Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters are expected to-day (Saturday). Her Majesty gives a family dinner-party every evening, when a military band plays during the meal, while several students of the Royal Academy of Music sang and played one evening before the Royal party. On Saturday morning the Duke of Connaught went to Parkhurst to inspect the Rifle Brigade, and in the afternoon, the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, crossed to Southampton in the *Alberta*, and opened the new Empress Dock. Lord Knutsford dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Next day the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. A. Peile officiated, and on Monday, Princess Christian left for Windsor. The German Emperor arrives at Osborne early next Monday, being met on the way by the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh. In the afternoon he will inspect the Fleet, while on Tuesday he will witness Cowes Regatta, sailing in the Prince of Wales's yacht, *Aline*, and will dine in the evening with the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Next day the Emperor intends to visit Portsmouth Dockyard, leaving probably on Thursday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters witnessed two weddings on Saturday. First they went to St. George's, Hanover Square, for the marriage of Mr. E. Johnson with Mlle. Vauthier, who was for thirteen years French governess to the young Princesses; and later they attended the wedding of the Hon. Blanche Colville with Captain Britten, R.N., at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, going also to the wedding breakfast. In the evening they were at the Opera. Next morning the Royal party went to church, and entertained at lunch the Duc d'Orléans and Dom Pedro of Coburg and Braganza; while on Monday they left town for Goodwood, to stay with the Duke of Richmond. The Prince and Princess witnessed the races on the succeeding days, and to-day (Saturday) they go on board the *Osborne*, off Cowes, for a fortnight. Besides assisting to entertain the German Emperor next week, the Prince will take his usual active part in the yachting festivities, cruising in his schooner *Aline*. On the 9th he goes to Portsmouth to open the new Town Hall.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is staying at Scarborough, to recruit his strength after his recent illness. He will serve on Sir Evelyn Wood's staff during the coming cavalry manœuvres in Berkshire.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on Monday distributed the prizes at the School of Art, Ryde. They go to Portsmouth to-day (Saturday) to lay the foundation-stone of a new wing for the Seamen's Mission buildings, when they will lunch with the Mayor. On Monday the Duke takes up his naval command at Devonport.—Princess Christian and her daughters visit Wiesbaden again in September.—The Empress Frederick and daughters have reached Athens in the *Surprise*, after a brief visit to Sicily, the British Squadron assembling in the Bay of Phalerum to greet Her Majesty. The Crown Princess Sophie and her infant son are going on well.

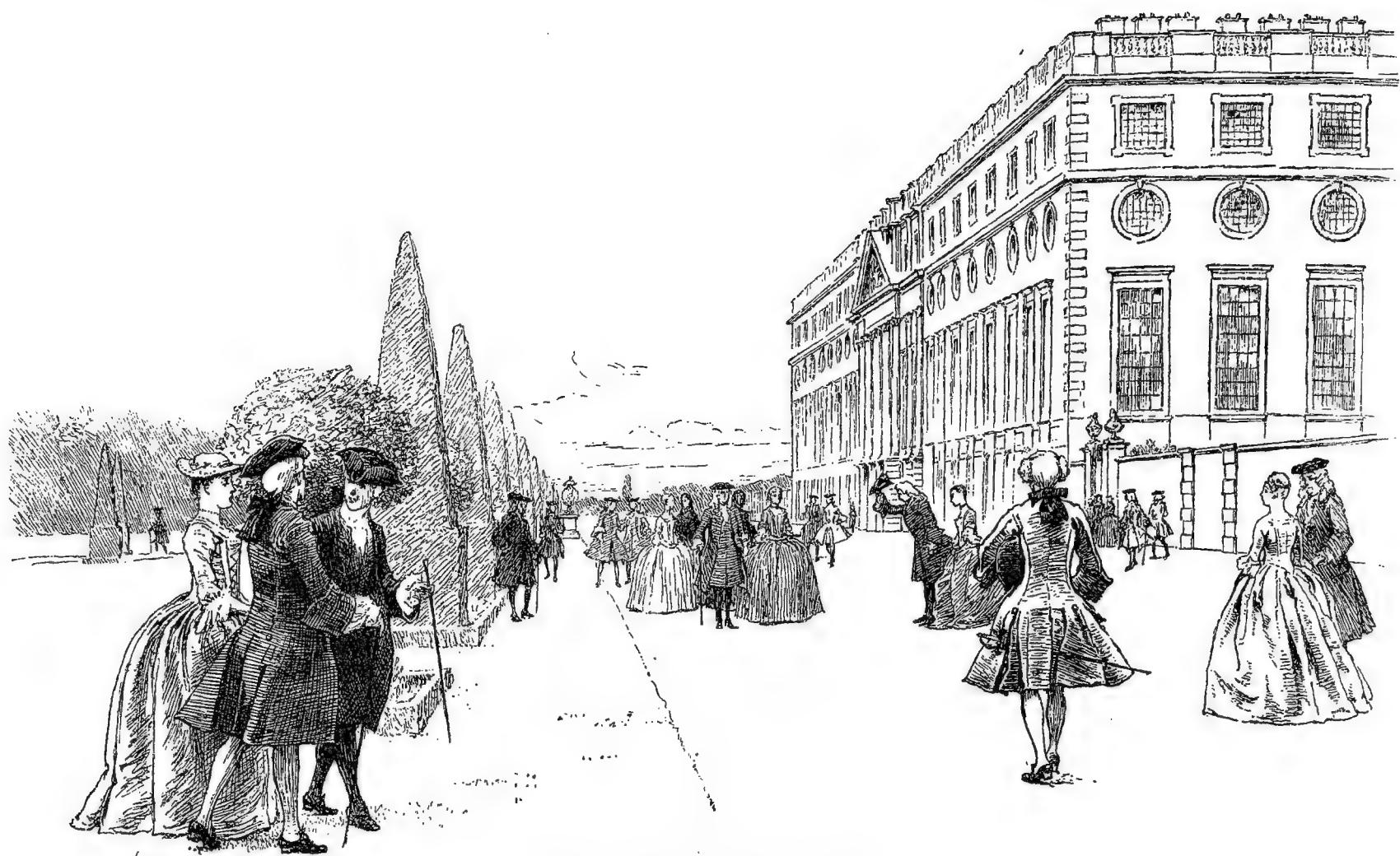


CLOSE OF THE OPERA SEASON.—The Opera season at Covent Garden finally closed on Monday with a special performance in French of *Carmen*, in which the principal members of the company took part. The season has lasted a few days over ten weeks, during which period fifty-five performances have been given of eighteen operas. Of these, twelve, that is to say, *Faust*, *Lohengrin*, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, *Sonnambula*, *Traviata*, *Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Die Meistersinger*, and *Les Huguenots* have been given in Italian, and five, that is to say, *Le Prophète*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, and Mr. Goring Thomas' *Esmeralda* in French. *Carmen* has been performed in both languages. It will thus be seen that no important additions have been made to the repertory. The season, indeed, has been chiefly remarkable for the excellence of the general performances, and particularly of those in which M. Jean de Reszke has taken part. A large

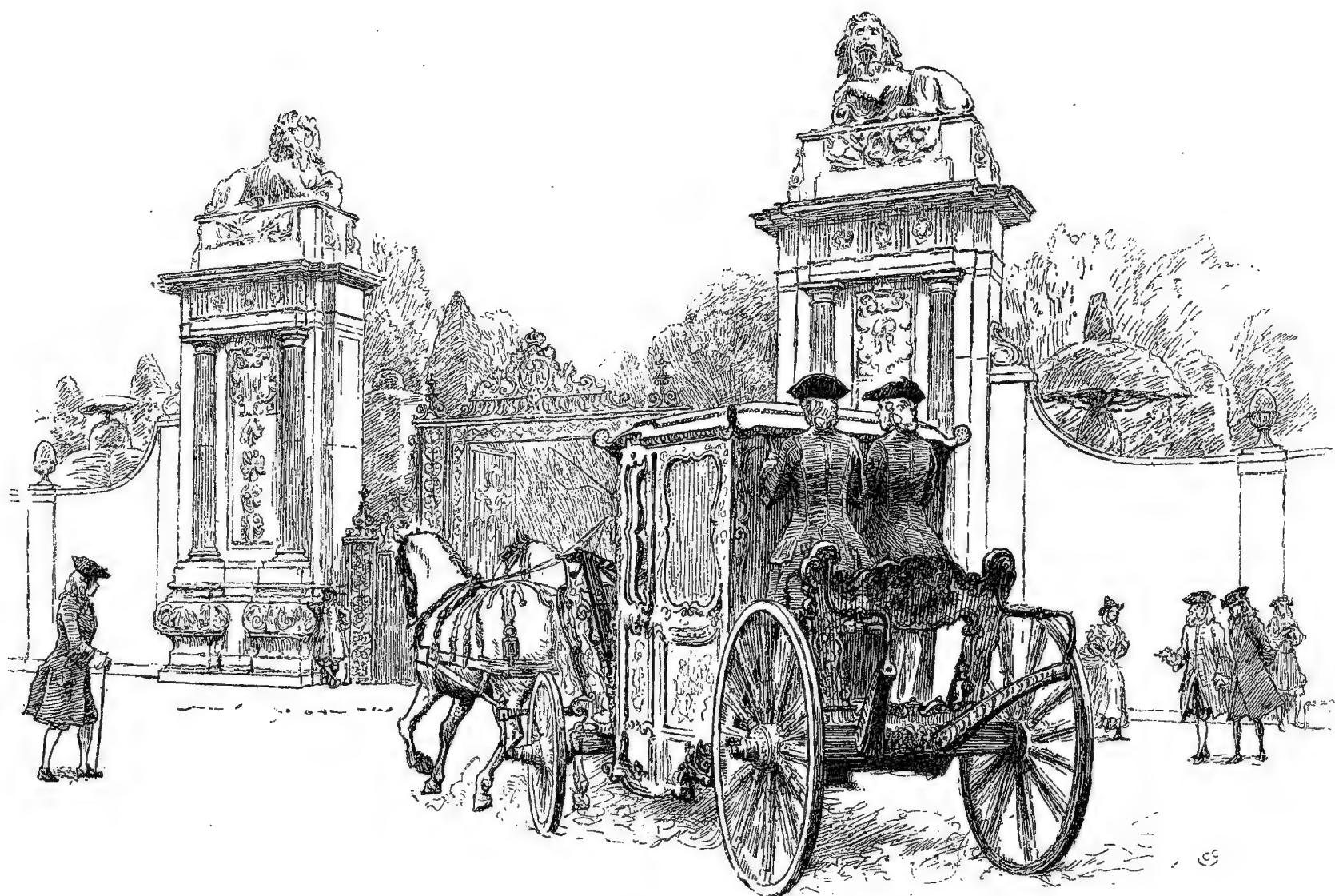


DON MIGUEL JUAREZ CELMAN
President of the Argentine Republic since 1886

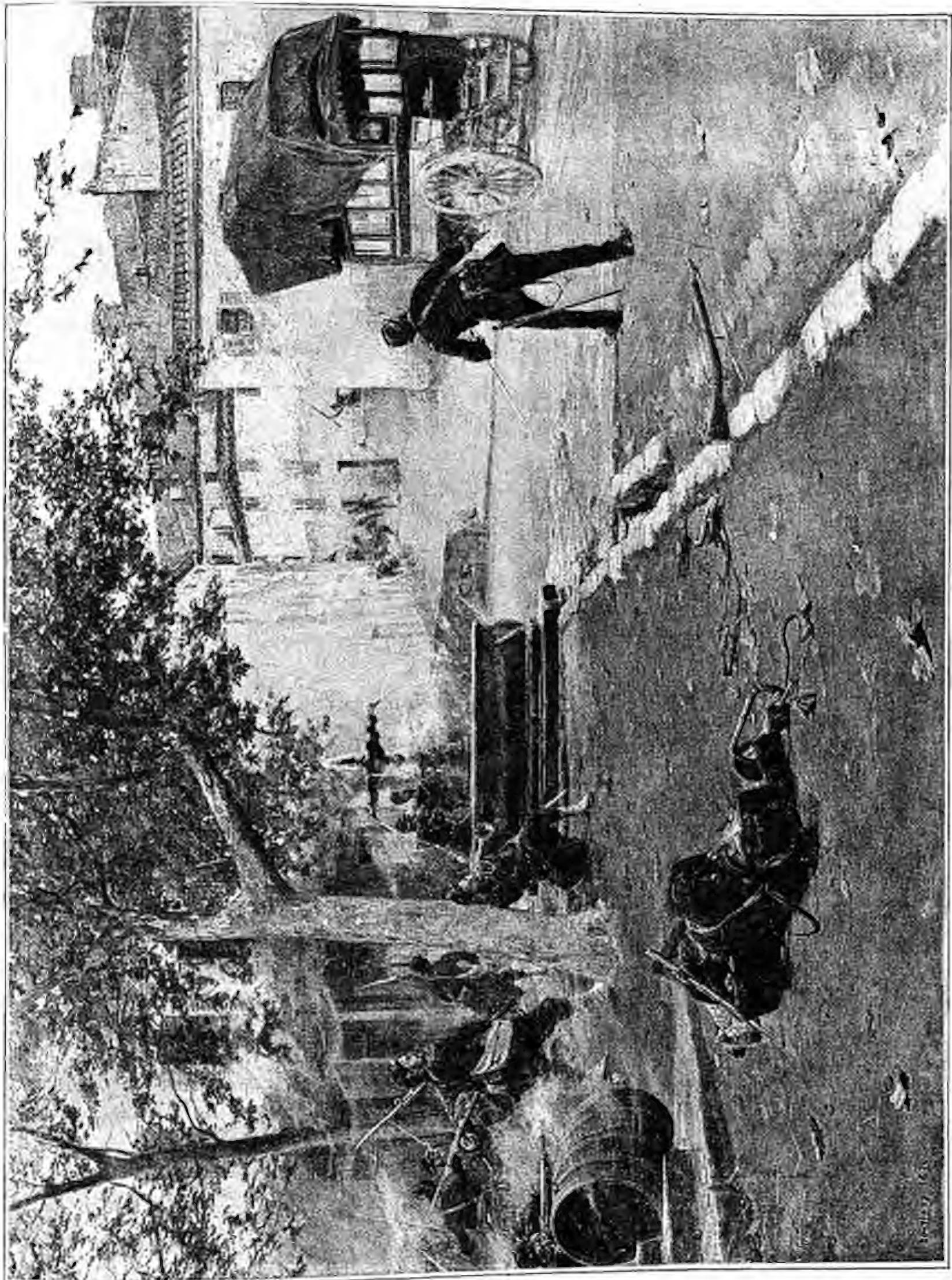
prudently decamped, leaving all control to the Vice-President, Dr. Pellegrini; business was suspended, and Buenos Ayres was in a complete state of siege. On their side, the rebels elected a Provisional Government, with Señor Alem, a popular orator, well-known for his integrity and energy, as President, and other equally steady and high-principled men to complete the Cabinet. The struggle continued all day, with much bloodshed and destruction of property, and began again on Sunday, when the Navy joined the Civica party and bombarded the Government buildings. By noon the insurgents were strong enough to arrange an armistice, whilst the Government considered their demand for President Celman's resignation; but, in the mean time, the President had plucked up courage to return to the city and present terms, in his turn, to the Union Civica. Unfortunately for the latter party, their ammu-



EAST FRONT IN THE TIME OF GEORGE II.



QUEEN ANNE'S LION GATES



"SURPRISE OF A VILLAGE"—AN EPISODE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR
FROM THE PICTURE BY E. BOUTIGNY

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT
VI.

POPE has left in a letter to Teresa and Martha Blount a description of his flying visit, to Hampton Court when, in the days of Queen Anne's successor, it really was a palace:—"First, then, I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed; for I met the Prince, with all his ladies, on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B. (Mary Bellenden) and Mrs. L. (Mary Lepell, afterwards Lady Hervey) took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H. (Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk). We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must sit in an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakespeare has it) *to dinner with what appetite they may*—and, after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this Court, and, as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L. walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.

"In short, I heard of no ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam Kilmansegg's, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to stay away."

William and Mary planned the grounds with great care and exactitude, and the King continued this pastime after his Consort was no more. "While the gardens were laid out, the King also directed the laying the pipes for the fountain and *jettes d'eau*, and particularly the dimensions of them, and what quantity of water they should throw up, and increased the number of them."

From a prospect of Hampton Court, as it appeared in William III.'s reign, the small "pond gardens," or Privy Gardens, were not materially changed, while the greater gardens were laid out in elaborate scroll designs, with box borders, arranged on the theory of lace patterns, in which entwined serpentine forms were introduced. Sutton Nicholls has left an engraving, evidently after a drawing executed in Anne's reign, described as an exact prospect of Hampton Court, which illustrates the arrangements of the grounds between William's III.'s main front, and the great fountain, and twelve smaller ones. In the centre of the great basin is a group of dolphins, each spouting double jets of water from their nostrils, on the dolphins is supported a merman, blowing a conch-shell, from which a triple jet plays. Orange-trees in tubs are disposed round the stonework border of the main fountain. The beds are laid out with ornate scrolls and flourishes, after the fashion of specimen-pieces produced by writing masters at the era in question; the borders are uniform and formal, planted with yew trees, trimmed into spearhead form, alternating with other yew trees, clipped to resemble four circular trays to each stem, in shape suggestive of muffins or tea-cakes of graduated sizes, spitted on a pole, which ends in a spike.

Later on, when J. Rigaud published his "Prospect of Hampton Court from the Garden Side," in 1736, the entire grounds were set out in simpler form, lined throughout with yew trees, cut into the shape of pyramidal obelisks, resting on square bases, each separated by a holly tree, also trimmed at the base into a square, and clipped round above into a depressed sphere. Nothing can exceed the monotony produced by apparently endless perspectives of these obelisks planted in files at studied intervals, the whole lined out in parallelograms within box-borders.

The interesting series of large views executed by Anthony Iligamore, showing "the North Diagonal Walk," "the East Front and Long Walk," "the South Front and Garden," "the Canal, Diagonal Walk, and Vista leading to Kingston Church," and "the Pavilions belonging to the Bowling Green at the End of the Terrace Walk"—all indicate that the formally-trimmed trees continued in vogue under the Second George. The obelisks or pyramids seem to have increased in size, the box-borders to have grown considerably higher, flowers having been planted round the holly-trees and along the canal-like beds, marked out in parallel by the borders of box. Place in the trim walks *beaux* and *belles* clad in buckram and stiffened skirts, the ladies with hoops of balloon-like circumference, precisely dressed as in Hogarth's satirical picture of "Taste in High Life," and the Hampton Court surroundings in the days of the early Georges seem perfectly in character—a quaintly-interesting *souvenir* of the time which it would be difficult to equal.

From an anecdote related by Horace Walpole, it appears that Hampton Court Palace was a show-place as far back as 1757. The story is, the famous Miss Gunnings were there going through the suites of rooms much as visitors do in this generation. They were entering the apartment which contained the series by Sir Godfrey Kneller of Hampton Court Belles of William III.'s reign, then known as the "English Beauty Room," when another company of visitors arrived on their heels, under the guidance of the house-keeper, who acted as show-woman:—"This way, ladies, here are the Beauties," she said, in the then customary formula. The Gunnings, in their artless vanity, appropriating this observation to themselves, as Walpole informs us, "flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the Palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves."

On the same authority it is evident that the Palace was also allotted in suites of apartments as a residence for persons of some distinction. Thus Walpole, in describing the various places where his friends and relations happen to be located in the August of 1782, mentions that the Keppels were at "The Stud," the Waldegrave at "The Pavilions," and Lady Malpas in "The Palace," all three references pointing to Hampton Court. While there, Horace's nieces had a fright, being unexpectedly turned into targets for pistol practice by some strangers staying at the place. "I do not believe," writes Walpole, "there was the least intention of hurt to them. The gentlemen were cleaning their pistols at the window of the Toy, and discharged them as the girls were going by. Mrs. Keppel took an alarm, and much less falling on such a soil as Hampton Court will bring forth lies a hundred fold." The many tongues of rumour were active in those days.

Henry VIII.'s Grand Hall was transmogrified into a theatre by Queen Elizabeth, and used as the scene of the masques and pageants in favour with James I. and his Queen, festivities wherein figured the youthful Princes. There is a legend—unfounded on any discoverable historical basis—that Shakespeare, "the swan of Avon," in person, was in this hall concerned in the representation of a stage-play, the shadowy rumour alleging that *Henry VIII.*, or, *The Fall of Wolsey* had by Royal patronage been selected as most appropriate, and harmonising with the Tudor accessories. Under Charles I.'s rule Shakespeare's plays were there performed before the Court by the bard's own contemporaries. What scenes this hall witnessed under the mad freaks of a Merry Monarch and his exuberant favourites of both sexes is also hinted.

THE GRAPHIC

Up to the commencement of the present century the Great Hall afforded a link with the past relics of the taste which led our first Monarch of the House of Hanover to continue the traditions of his predecessors—the Tudors and Stuarts. "The Great Hall was fitted up as a theatre by George I. in 1718, and Poet Laureate Colley Cibber, Master of the Revels, tells us in his "Apology":—

"It was intended that plays should have been acted there twice a week during the summer season by the King's company of comedians, who were commanded to attend for that purpose, but the theatre was not ready till nearly the end of September, and only seven plays were performed in it that season. It was opened on the 23rd of September, with the tragedy of *Hamlet*. On October 1st, *Henry VIII.*; or, the Fall of Wolsey was represented on the very spot which had been the scene of the Cardinal's greatest splendour." Five comedies succeeded at intervals during the same month. "The King paid the charges of the house, and the travelling expenses of the actors, amounting in the whole to 50*l.* a night; besides which he made a present of 200*l.* to the managers for their trouble." The theatre was used only once afterwards—on the occasion when the Duke of Lorraine, later on Emperor of Germany, was entertained here, when another play was performed October 16th, 1731. The stage and accessories continued to "block up and deform" this noble hall until the year 1798, when James Wyatt, R.A., Surveyor-General of the Board of Works, obtained the Royal permission to remove this shabby obstruction, with the intention of restoring the hall to its original form and beauty; in 1800 workmen were employed in renewing such of the ornaments as were decayed. George III., it has been said, had unpleasant recollections of Hampton Court, which prejudiced him against the attractions of the Palace in later life; it was averred that, a dull youth, he here incurred the anger of his grandfather, George II., who, impetuous and choleric as William the Dutchman himself, gave the sensitive Prince a sounding box on the ears. Later, the King seems to have sent to Hampton Court those pictures he no longer wanted at Windsor; the commissions for family portraits which George III. was unfortunately so ill-advised as to entrust to Benjamin West, are instances in point. Did the monarch discover when too late his egregious error in having neglected the first of English painters, Reynolds, and in having employed a respectable nonentity in his stead? Any way, it is a significant fact that these pictures, during George III.'s reign, found their way from Windsor into the "King's Audience Chamber" at Hampton Court.

Another William Prince of Orange found refuge in the Palace when the French Revolutionary ideas, reacting on his own subjects, had driven the Stadtholder for refuge to England in January, 1795. The rooms in which both George I. and II. had frequently dined in public, with the King's private dining-room, bed-room, and several other apartments on the east side, were allotted to the Prince and his suite, who occupied a complete wing of the building. Gillray has left a satirical version of William's amusements at the "Orangery" while enjoying the retirement of this retreat.

JOSEPH GREGO.

[Mr. Grego desires to express his acknowledgments to Mr. Ernest Law, whose book, "The History of Hampton Court," published by Messrs. George Bell and Son, is the authority on the Palace to which he has had most recourse. We understand that a third and concluding volume of this work, in addition to the two already published, will shortly be issued.]



THAT able controversialist, Mr. W. S. Lilly, has written a big book "On Right and Wrong" (Chapman and Hall), which sounds an indignant note of challenge to all the current ideas commonly called modern. Mr. Lilly is for transcendentalism in morals and religion. He rejects with scorn the idea that morals are evolved, and that they change with latitude. He slings pebbles at the chinks in the armour of that tough antagonist Professor Huxley, and he quotes with grave disapproval the sentiments of the younger school of Secularists, such as Mr. Karl Pearson. As dialectics it is vigorous and skilful, the chief defect of Mr. Lilly's method being that he constantly overstates his case. There is, for example, unreasonable exaggeration in such a sentence as this: "Bring up woman in the Positivist school and you make of her a monster; the very-type of ruthless cynicism, of all-engrossing selfishness, of unbridled passion." Civil marriage Mr. Lilly regards as one of the vilest results of modern tendencies. His prejudice is palpable when he writes: "In the Protestant parts of Germany, where the influence of Lutherism from the first has been strongly hostile to Catholic matrimonial traditions, the nuptial tie has become a mere cobweb." Where is the nuptial tie stronger? In Protestant Prussia, or in Catholic France or Catholic Spain? The truth is that hasty generalisations of this sort are unscientific and misleading. Mr. Lilly can have but little sense of humour to tell us, in all gravity, that he "was assured the other day that at a recent dinner-party in one of the provinces of Prussia five out of eight ladies present were the divorced wives of one of the guests." Mr. Lilly no doubt means very well, and thinks that he is fighting for the right. It is needless, however, to recognise that his opposition to the tendencies of modern thought is absolutely uncompromising, and that the alternative he offers is a blind obedience to authority as we have it in the Church of Rome.

"The Life of Lord Byron," by the Hon. Roden Noel (Walter Scott), is one of the pleasantest of the "Great Writers" Series. It is entirely fair to Byron, without going at all into the extreme of adulation. In this little book one gets perhaps as fair a view of Byron's character and work as it is possible to give in so small a compass. Mr. Noel gives due credit to Trelawney for constant friendship to Byron, but he blames him, and perhaps rightly, for uncovering Byron's foot after his death, and giving to the world a precise account of the malformation which caused the poet such intense mortification during his lifetime. Mr. Noel points out, too, that Trelawney scarcely understood Byron, and that his opinions must be taken with some reserve.

"The Criminal," by Havelock Ellis (Walter Scott), is a new volume of the "Contemporary Science Series," and it is quite the most interesting that has yet appeared. Mr. Ellis does not pretend that it is anything more than a compilation from foreign writers on criminal anthropology. But to many readers the book will open new fields of fascinating speculation. The science of criminal anthropology is quite in its babyhood, even if there be such a science at all; and Mr. Ellis, it seems to us, is far too ready to accept generalisations without insufficient data. Nevertheless, what he has to tell us is extraordinarily interesting. There is something fascinating in this study of what may be called the physiological aspect of crime:—the colour of criminals' hair, the shape of their heads, their "emotional instability," their physiognomical peculiarities. That such sets of observations and experiments should have been made at all will be a surprise to a great many who read the book. Some of the chapters, such as those on "Tattooing," and "The Anomalies of the Hair," are full of curious facts. At present the observations are too few to allow of any positive conclusions, but there is little doubt that discoveries of importance may in time be made, which will have a great influence upon our intercourse

AUGUST 2, 1892
with the criminal classes. Crime will probably be regarded more and more as a disease, and a disease capable of being cured or mitigated by the proper methods of treatment.

Mr. William Archer's "William Charles Macready" (Kegan Paul and Co.) is an excellent example of conscientious work. It is evident that Mr. Archer has been at great pains to inform himself at first hand concerning the details of Macready's career. He has consulted old playbills, and has studied the contemporary criticisms. For many years Macready's own "Reminiscences" form a trustworthy guide. Working up all his material into a connected narrative, Mr. Archer is enabled for the first time to give a full and accurate biography of the last great actor but one. It is difficult yet to assign to Mr. Irving his proper position on the roll of England's actors; but certainly he is the greatest since Macready, and, unlike Macready, he is fortunate in having had no rivals. Whether Macready was a great actor at all Mr. Archer discusses in a final chapter, giving the opinions of contemporary critics for and against, and leaving it, after all, more or less an open question. Mr. Archer devotes several pages to an account of the lamentable riots in New York, in which culminated the long quarrel between Macready and Forrest—a page of dramatic history which in these days it is difficult to understand.

We have before now had occasion to note the literary excellencies of the "Badminton Library." It is no easy matter, as the newspapers daily bear witness, to write of sporting affairs without being dull and technical, or slangy and vulgar; but the band of writers whom the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson have enlisted under their banner are wonderfully free from these various faults. The latest volume, "Tennis," is no exception to the rule. Mr. J. M. Heathcote, the veteran ex-champion, wields the pen almost as skilfully as he does the racket; and the result is an essay which may be read with pleasure and profit by any one who has the slightest interest in the game of Kings. The growth of its vigorous offspring, Lawn Tennis, is attested by the fact that more than two hundred pages are devoted to it. This game has been entrusted to Mr. C. G. Heathcote, who has been assisted, moreover, by such skilled exponents of the art as Mr. H. F. Lawford and Miss Lottie Dod. Racquets is treated of by Mr. E. O. Pleydell-Bouverie, and Fives by Mr. A. C. Ainger. No amount of book-learning can alone teach any one to excel in these games; but the tyro will greatly profit by the study of the volume, which, moreover, contains many useful hints not to be despised by those who think themselves experts.

"The Lawn Tennis Handbook" (Pastime Offices, 11 and 12, Rose Street, E.C.) has been enlarged and improved this year, and, under the careful editorship of Mr. N. L. Jackson, continues to be indispensable to all who have to do with Tournaments. The list of the prize-winners of 1889 will, in particular, be most useful to hand-cappers.

Printed in blue ink upon excellent paper, "The Blue Ribbon of the Turf" (Chatto and Windus) is an agreeable memento of the great race of the year. Mr. Louis Henry Curzon has collected a vast amount of information relative to the history of the race since its establishment in 1780, and has many curious anecdotes to tell of events and persons connected with it. But his literary method leaves a good deal to be desired. The information is grouped under rather inconvenient heads, there is much vain repetition, and, lastly, there is no index. The history of the Derby has yet to be written; but whoever writes it will be much beholden to Mr. Curzon's book.

To judge by the numbers of books published on the subject of "Patience," this solitary pastime must be played by many others than the old maids whose special recreation it is popularly believed to be. Within the last year or so at least three books have been issued on the subject, containing a vast number of different methods of playing. In "Games of Patience" (L. Upcott Gill) Miss Whitmore Jones has endeavoured to include every known variety; and the result is a book which, with its clearly-drawn diagrams, will help to while away many a weary hour.

Every one may not agree with the old lady who complained that ever since the Americans took to managing our weather it had gone from bad to worse; but no whist-player can deny that ever since the Americans took to playing whist the game has become more and more scientific. It is a change which many deplore, but it has taken place; and consequently no one who wishes to be a really fine player can afford to ignore the Transatlantic developments. In "American Whist" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), these developments are clearly explained and illustrated (by a series of hands in diagram), by "G. W. P." though a certain amount of confusion is caused by the American scoring, a game "on the other side" consisting of seven points instead of five. It is useless, we suppose, to complain of the American spelling: that is becoming quite an ordinary offence in books professedly English.

But if America has adopted an English game and made it her own, she has given us one or two very good games in return—notably poker and euchre. The latter, which was, it will be remembered, the game which "The Heathen Chinee" "did not understand," is, together with *écarté*, explained and described by "Berkeley" in one of "The Club Series" (Geo. Bell and Sons). Another of the same series deals with "Reversi" (beloved, rumour has it, of the Attorney-General) and "Go-Bang."—From Messrs. De la Rue come two of their neat little waistcoat-pocket whist-handbooks containing the rules and play for the second and third hands respectively; and from Messrs. Burroughes and Watts a revised edition of "Billiards Simplified"; or, How to Make Breaks. We have also received Andrew Thomson's "Yachting Guide and Tide Tables for 1890" (Thames Yacht Agency), indispensable to all who go down to the sea in yachts.

An exceedingly interesting account of the career and charitable deeds of that well-known Parsee worthy, the late Sir Cowasjee Jehangier Readymoney, has been prepared and published for private circulation as "a filial duty" by his son and heir, Mr. Cowasjee Jehangier. The volume we may say, in commencement, is got up with special care, and contains illustrations of the principal buildings either founded by Sir Cowasjee or associated with himself. It is right that the charitable deeds of one who did so much for Western India, and also to make the name of Parsee famous, should be widely known and honoured; and this book will serve as a well-deserved memorial to the dead philanthropist. Sir Cowasjee Jehangier was one of those merchant-princes who made Bombay one of the busiest and wealthiest centres of trade in the British Empire. During nearly forty years he amassed a fortune which, it would not compare with that of European financiers, was certainly very considerable for India. For the last quarter of a century of his life he dispensed with a large-handed liberality, and with a worldly shrewdness which was never at fault, the large sum of nearly 200,000*l.* in public and private charities. His chief donations were for a University Hall in his own city, a building bearing his name in the Elphinstone College, and other public institutions, too numerous to mention. There is no information in this volume as to the magnitude of Sir Cowasjee's fortune, but it is certain that he dispensed a very much larger proportion of it in objects for the benefit of his fellow-creatures than would be done by any European philanthropist. Ill-health confined Sir Cowasjee to the house during the last fourteen years of his life, but although it prevented his taking as active and prominent a part in public affairs as he would otherwise have done, it did not interrupt the flow of his benevolence. The Parsees are one of the smallest communities in the world, but so long as they produce men like Sir Cowasjee Jehangier, they will be entitled to a place among the leading people of the world.

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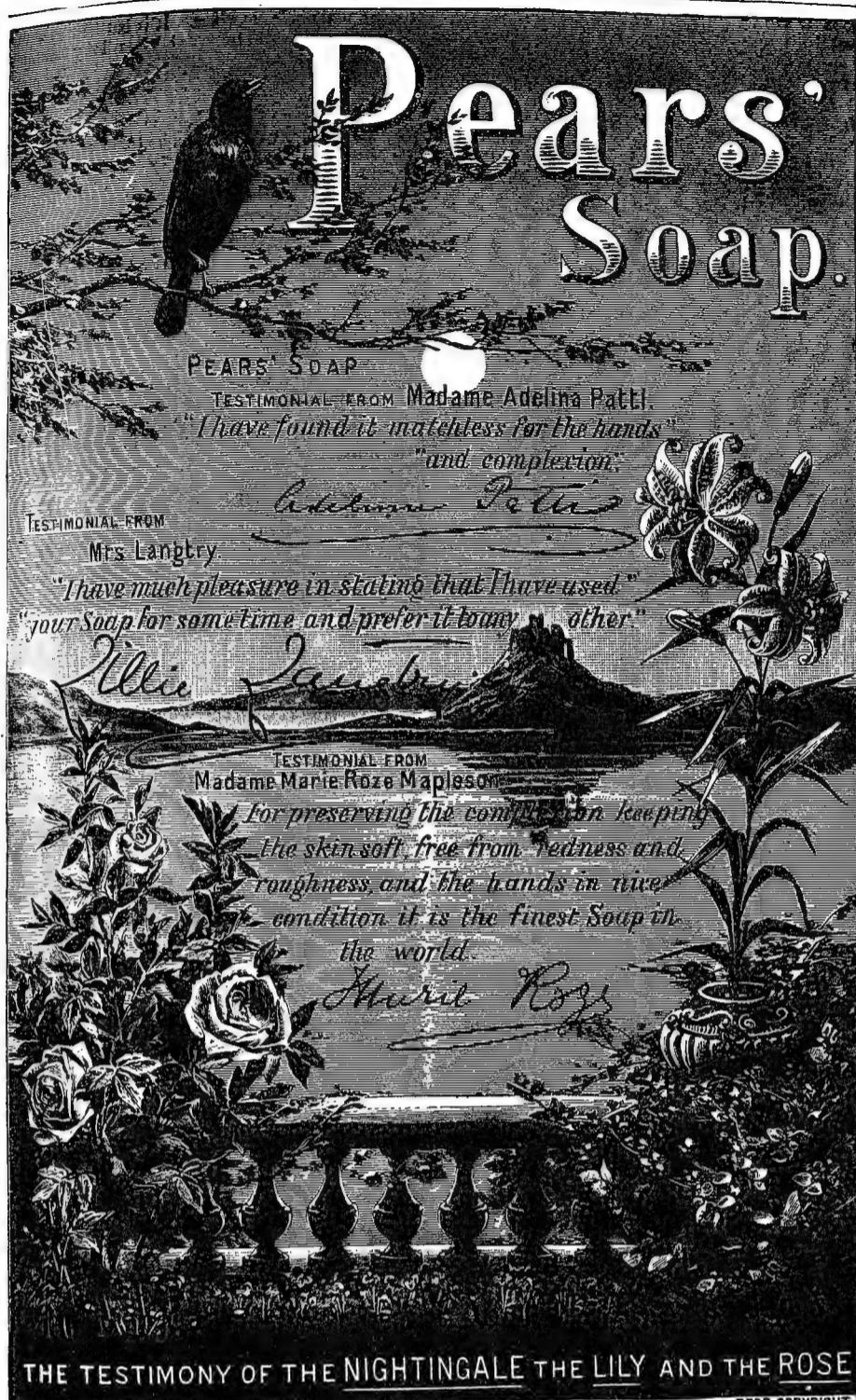
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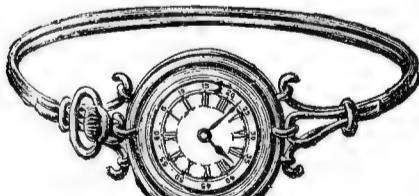
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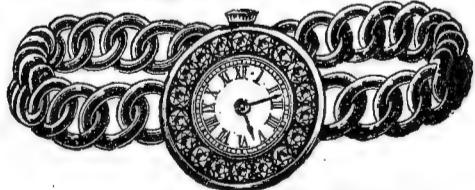


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and a yield rather over the mean in bulk has been largely lowered in selling, and also in nutritive value. Oats are looking well, but are very backward, and are making but slow progress owing to the want of sunshine. Potatoes are in a backward condition, the heavy rains having told upon them, though as yet the dreaded disease has not appeared among them. Turnips are not so good as a month ago. The pastures are plentiful in grass, but the cattle and sheep have suffered from the damp weather, and are not in the condition which the good bite they have had off the meadows should have secured.

OXFORD SHEEP.—This breed has increased in favour until a substantial Herd Book bears witness to the Oxford influence having extended into almost every county south of the Thames, as well as prevailing extensively in all the Southern Midlands. The Secretary of the Breeders' Association, Mr. Henry Rew, has worked wonders for the popularity of the Oxonian sheep strain, his numerous articles on the subject having brought its excellencies before farmers, who were previously only acquainted with the Cots-wolds or the Southdowns. The appalling woodblock which forms the frontispiece of the second volume on the "Herd Book" published August 1st (to-day), is happily corrected by a couple of fine process reproductions from very clever pencil sketches. Soft lead pencil, H.B., B., and B.B., is peculiarly adapted for giving the wool of sheep, its very defect for landscape-drawing being that it tends to render the foliage woolly.

HOPS up to the present have done fairly well. Various insect pests still infest the bine, but the great rains of July 17th and 18th, elsewhere disastrous, cleansed the hop-gardens to a remarkable extent. Washing with soft soap and quassia has been found a great success, the Kentish growers who have taken to this treatment, on the advice of that well-known amateur Mr. C. Whitehead, speaking extremely well of its results. The Worcester and Hereford gardens are much affected by aphid, while the Weald of Kent has more trouble

with mould. There are always great drawbacks to this crop, but if we have a fine August this season will probably see an average yield.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE SHOW has just been held at Boston, and was well attended. Mr. Chaplin was present, and spoke of the rise in silver as a good thing for English farmers. The cattle were not very good, and local half-breeds like the Lincoln-Turnells might appropriately be encouraged by separate prizes. The long-wooled sheep were a fine display, and the pigs, mainly owing to the exhibits of Mr. Sanders Spencer, were of higher interest and more merit than is usual at county shows. Agricultural horses, however, constituted the backbone of the exhibition, and the Lincolnshire breeders may well challenge competition with such magnificent stallions, yearling colts, brood mares, and 1889 fillies as were paraded last week under shadow of Boston Stump.

THE ENGLISH JERSEY CATTLE SOCIETY have just published a guide for the buyer of Jerseys. All particulars of breed are given clearly and well, and there are also accounts of butter-tests, of the Kempton Park Show, of prices fetched at recent Jersey sales, and of the result of milkings.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is little in Mr. S. S. Woodall's "Ondar the Just" (James Nisbet) which rises above the level of an ordinary mediocrity. The poem, which gives its title to the book, is adapted to the simple and pathetic narrative forming its theme. There is a certain amount of suggestiveness in "The Man for Whom the Prince Died." The prince dies rescuing an infant from the fire, and this baby grows to a man, and then reads the story of his rescuer's heroism. He is thus described at this moment:—

An idle, drunken, worthless vagabond,
Whose hopes ne'er stretched beyond
The next debauch; whose thoughts of all his past
Were bounded by the last.

And in this deep of degradation he learns how his worthless existence was paid for with a noble sacrifice. It is but fair to say that Mr. Woodall's poems are all informed by a lofty moral purpose; and that, if he is never brilliantly happy in his phrasings, there is no striking want of harmony between his subjects and his treatment of them.

The Authors' Co-operative Publishing Company publishes Mr. Tristram St. Martin's "The Christ in London, and Other Poems." The dominant thought of this little book is that of militant, angry Socialism, and its poetic merit is scarcely on a level with the enthusiasm by which, apparently, it is inspired. The following from the "Chant Democratic" may be interesting for the matter of it. As regards the manner it is needless to say anything:—

Shall the earth be filled with plenty, yet you starve as you have done?
Shall the few enjoy the fatness which your toiling hands have won?
Shall your children know what want is from their very earliest years?
Shall the fond wife of your bosom find the world a vale of tears?

Shall your daughters walk the pavement? Shall your sons cringe low for bread?
Rather have nor sons and daughters than that such things should be said.
Lo, the self-sought grave is woesome; but 'tis better so to die,
Than to ask the world for pity, thin for pitiful alms to cry.

"Chant Democratic" is "woesome" nonsense; and, but for its absurdity, and the fact that the more virulent "Reds" lay out their spare shillings usually on other things than the latest poetaster, might be mischievous.

Mr. Joseph Ferrie, of Glasgow, has issued a "Handbook of Kyle's Scottish Lyric Gems. A Collection of the Songs of Scotland. Original and Selected. Tonic Sol-fa Edition, with Pianoforte Cue. Translated by Alexander Patterson."

THE BEGGER'S PARADISE is certainly Russia. There are 350,000 professional mendicants in the Empire, including 3,233 nobles and 3,491 priests. They find their trade most profitable in Moscow.

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Richly engraved and mounted, heavily cut glass claret jug. Best quality, £1 18s.



Best quality double grape stand. To hold two bunches, £3. To hold one bunch, £2 10s.



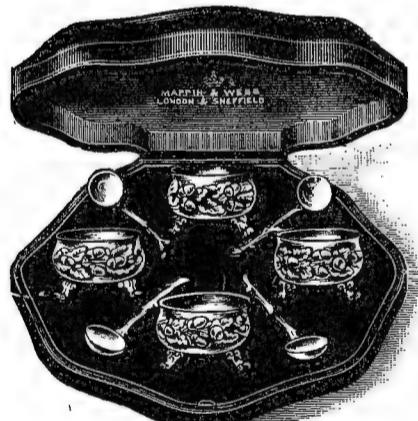
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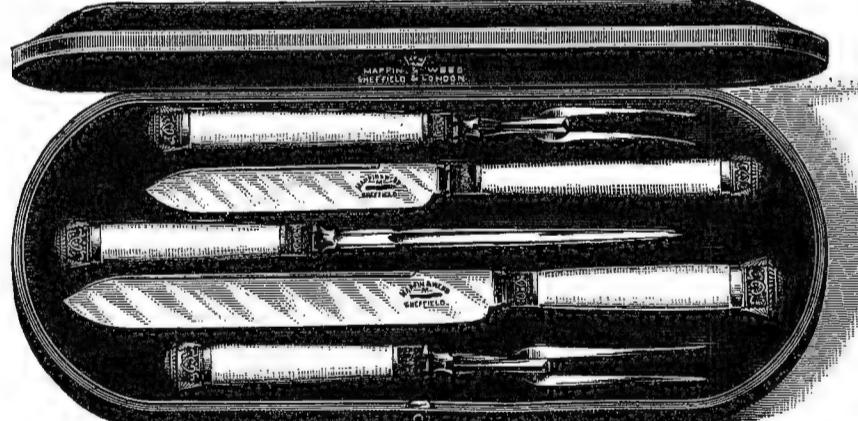
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Four chased solid silver salts and spoons in rich Morocco case, lined silk, rustic design, £3 10s. Six in case, £5 5s.



Pair of Game Carvers, pair of Meat Carvers and Steel, in Morocco Leather Case, best African Ivory Handles, with richly chased Solid Silver Caps, and finest Shear Steel, £4 10s.
The same, without Game Carvers, £3.



Six Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs. In Morocco Case, Solid Silver, £2 10s. Best quality Prince's Plate. £1 10 6d.

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Quickest and Cheapest Route. The splendid new first-class steamer "ST. SUNNIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen on August 2nd for twelve days' cruise.

Fortnightly thereafter.

Full particulars and Handbook, 3d., may be had from

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THESE PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Correct all Disorders of.
The LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS & BOWELS.
They are wonderfully efficacious in Ailments
incident to Females of all ages; and as a
General Family Medicine are unsurpassed.

PLEASURE CRUISES TO NORWAY.

The Orient Company's Steamship "GARONNE" (3,876 tons) will leave London on August 8th, calling at Leith on 10th August for a 21 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords.

The steamer will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water. The "Garonne" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold water, and Cuisine of the highest order.

Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

YACHTING CRUISE TO THE LEVANT AND THE CRIMEA.

The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "CHIMBORAZO," 3,847 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on August 30, for a cruise to the Mediterranean and Black Sea, visiting Tangier, Palermo, Syracuse, Piraeus (or Athens), Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balaklava, Yalta (or Livadia), Mudanya (or Brusa), Malta, Gibraltar. The month of September is considered the best time for the Crimea. The "CHIMBORAZO" is fitted with electric light, hot and cold water, and Cuisine of the highest order.

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YACHTING CRUISE ROUND THE UNITED KINGDOM.

The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "GARONNE" from London on September 6th, and from Leith on the 8th September for a three weeks' cruise, visiting Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Gairloch (Ross), Oban, the Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (or Killarney), Queenstown, and Plymouth.

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BISMARCK ON SOAPS.

Bismarck was subjected to extreme annoyance. He strongly suspected that his letters were overhauled in transit, and the ingenious remedy he adopted will be seen from the following.

On one occasion, he and the Hanoverian representative walked together into a street which would be called a slum in London. Bismarck put on his gloves . . . and advanced to one of the little shops called "general," where the poor provided themselves with cheese, pickles, dried fish, &c. "Come in with me," said Bismarck. "Boy," said Bismarck to a dull-looking lad behind the counter, "do you sell soap?" "Yes, sir." "What Soap?—what sorts have you got?" "This and this; and here's another," said the boy, putting before Bismarck a variety of strong-scented cakes. A piece was selected. Bismarck, as if suddenly recollecting himself, plunged his hand into a breast-pocket and drew out an unenclosed letter. Apparently annoyed at his forgetfulness, he cried, "Do you sell envelopes, boy?—bring them out!" Envelopes—wretched things—were produced; the letter was placed in one of them, and, asking for pen and ink, Bismarck set out to write the address. But with a monstrous thick glove on and tightly buttoned up, this was not easy to do. So, flinging down the pen impatiently, he said, "Here, boy; you can write, I suppose? 'Mr. Smith, ———' &c. The scrawl finished, Bismarck took the letter and left the shop. "Now," said he to his friend, when they passed outside, at the same time putting the letter to his nose, "what with the soap, the candles, and the cheese, I don't think they'll smell my despatch under that!"—From the *NEW REVIEW*.

VINOLIA SOAP.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Contains extra Cream, instead of free Soda and Potash, which eat into and dry up the Skin, Hair, and Nails. It is also de-alkalised and de-hydrated.

The *CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST* reports: "VINOLIA Soap is an ideal Soap, delightfully perfumed, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it."

FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, BATH, SKIN IRRITATION, AND SHAMPOOING

The Soap of the Age.

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FLORAL, 6d. per Tablet.
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MEDICAL, BALSAMIC, 2s. per Box of three tablets.

VINOLIA

A Plastic Emollient Cream for the Skin in Health and Disease.

RELIEVES
ITCHING, INSECT BITES,
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SKIN IRRITATION, &c., at once.

The BABY reports: "For Acne, Spots on the face, and particularly for Eczema, 'VINOLIA' is undoubtedly an efficacious remedy, frequently curing eruptions and removing pimples in a few days."

*The Choicest of Creams.
For use after Shaving.
Unequalled for the Nursery.*

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VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP.

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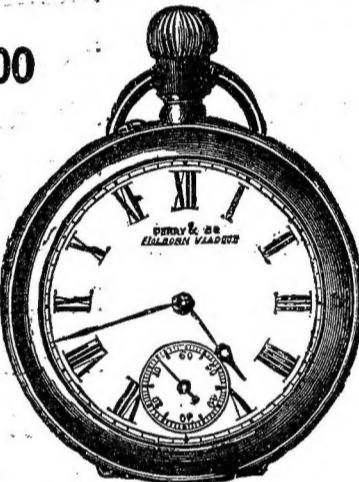
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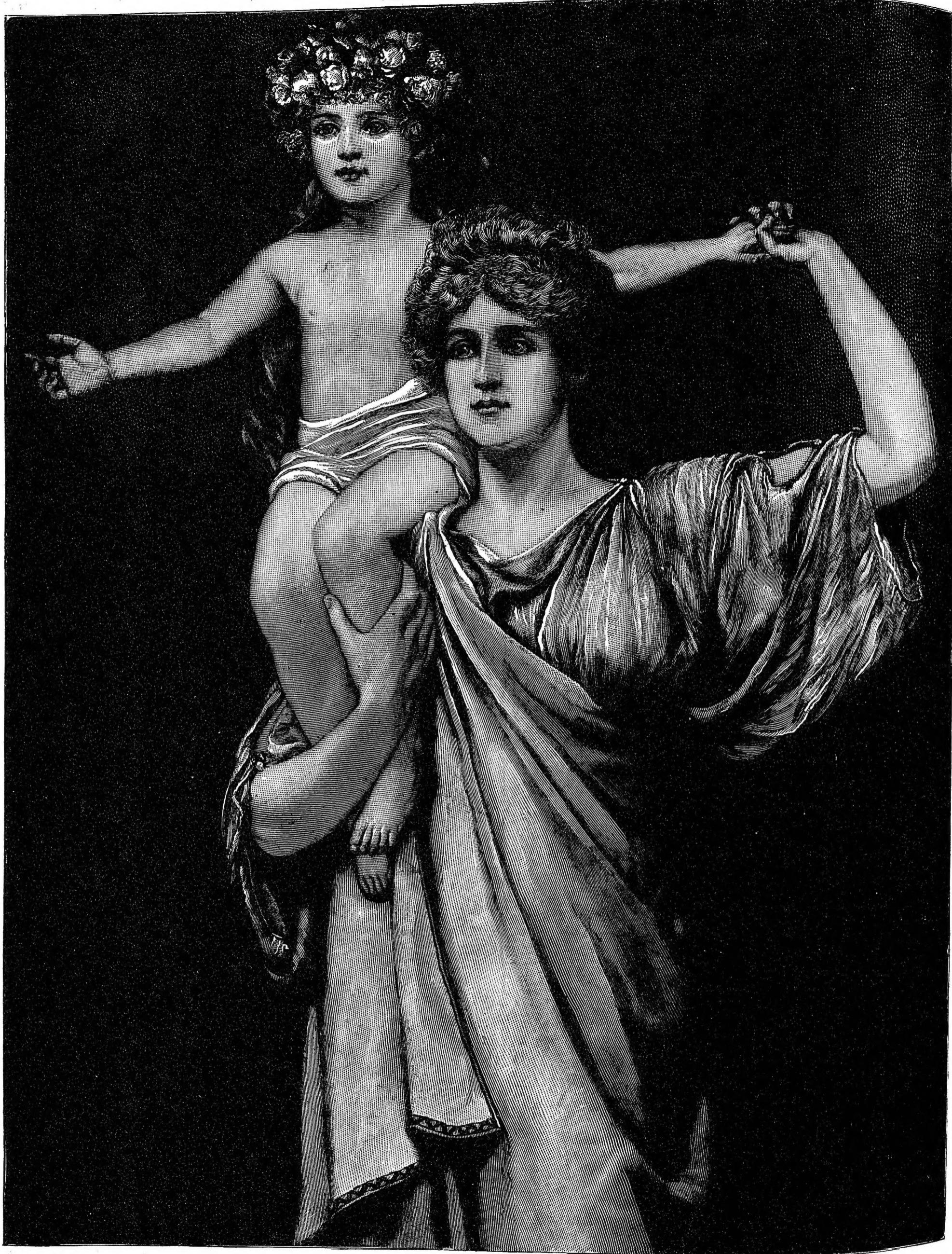
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